BRITANNIA and

Eve

DECEMBER, 1956

TWO SHILLINGS

DEATH OF THE WHITE WEDDING

Courtaulds
Tested-Quality
TESTED
COURTAULDS
QUALITY
Regd.
From Dorée Leventhal LTD
a short evening dress in a
Martin & Savage velvet,
made with Courtaulds' rayon.

BRITANNIA and

Eve

DECEMBER 1956

VOL. 53 NO. 6

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

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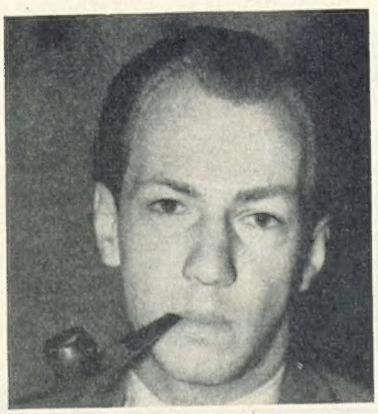

INSIDE INFORMATION

Anthony Davis (page 48) says he entered journalism when he left school (which he disliked) because it was the only interesting job he could think of for which there was no dreary training. Since then has written almost everything including balloons for strip cartoons. He started writing about show business (in which nearly everyone involved likes talking to the press) as a change from working on a Sunday newspaper and covering crime (in which practically no one involved likes talking to the press). He is twenty-nine, married, has an eighteen-month-old daughter and lives at Finchley, London. Ambitions: to write a worthwhile novel —and move from Finchley, London.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Characters in all stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Postage for this issue: Inland 5d. Foreign 3d. Canada 1½d.

SHE'S NEW . . . THE FLUORESCENT BLONDE

Fashions in good looks change . . . and this year's outstanding beauties are the fluorescent blondes— Princess Grace, Marilyn Monroe and the newly minted Kim Novak, never off the world's front pages, ever flying the flag for the world's fair ladies! Gone into eclipse are the dark-haired Italian beauties—outshone by the lovely incandescent beauty of this famous three. For shining, luminous, clear-as-a-stream beauty is the kind most admired now . . . but, happily, it is not reserved for blondes alone. Every woman can make her complexion the 1000 candle-power kind if she keeps it *immaculately* clean—clean as only soap and water make it.

Soft, warm water, fluffy latherings of rich cream soap massaged in lightly, this prettying rite is to be performed thrice daily—this cultivates the pearly, *natural* look of fashion. But let the soap be the COLD CREAM kind, with lanoline added, for it will do a two-fold job, deep-cleanse and *nourish* too. (CUSSONS do a wonderful COLD CREAM SOAP, only 1/3 for a large bath-cake.)

NAILS! *BREAKING and INFECTED*

Discoloured, infected, breaking, destroyed Nails and inflamed Cuticles! Are you in despair with any of these troubles? We specialise and offer you unique treatment either by post or in our Salon. Call or send stamped envelope, stating particulars of your trouble, to:—

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Sleeping Beauty Aid for elegant hands

After nightly applications of hand creams or lotions wear ANDY Sleeping Gloves. Light as a feather and easily washed, they are indispensable for all who aspire to elegant hands.

These are the Gloves you have heard about
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From Chemists and Stores everywhere or direct.
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Do you dread the cold weather?

Have you found yourself—lately—feeling the cold perhaps more than you used to? Ever caught yourself thinking that keeping warm was hard enough, but staying smart as well was an uphill struggle? If you have, there's a new kind of nylons in the shops which you ought to look at—Crepe nylons. They have great warmth and comfort: they really do protect your feet and ankles from the cold. At the same time, while they aren't transparent, they have a sleek clinging fit that flatters your legs, and all nylon's springy resistance to everyday stresses and strains. They are exceptionally good stockings: not cheap, but satisfying to wear and very long lasting.

for warm good looks

crepe *Nylons*

B Nylon S *In smooth crepe or lace-knit—have you seen them?*

Slim successfully

check your weight . . .
check your health on a

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"MAYFAIR"
PERSONAL WEIGHER

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This compact, easily portable machine gives accurate weight at a glance, and its streamlined design is in complete harmony with the contemporary bathroom. Smooth rubber flows over the top and sides of the weigher and provides a non-slip weighing surface. It does not harbour dust or moisture, and protects the bathroom paintwork from damage. Graduated 20 stone x 1 lb.

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M.W.430

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–where does he get the energy?

He's on the go every waking moment, in and out of mischief, bless him. His clever mother fortifies him against winter's ills and chills — for she gives him HALIBORANGE every day. Its protective vitamins, A, C and D, ensure straight, sturdy limbs and strong, healthy teeth, and build up resistance to infection. And don't youngsters love their Haliborange with its fresh fruit flavour!

Give them Haliborange every day

For teenagers and adults ask for the NEW HALIBORANGE TABLETS *—to build up resistance to winter ills. Price also 3/9.*

At all Chemists 3/9

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Who says?

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Expensive ?

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Fine Saxony Tartan Scarves
Here's a present that will put colour into masculine or feminine attire on Christmas Day and throughout the gloom of winter.

Over 100 Authentic Tartans, including:

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Indispensable in:-
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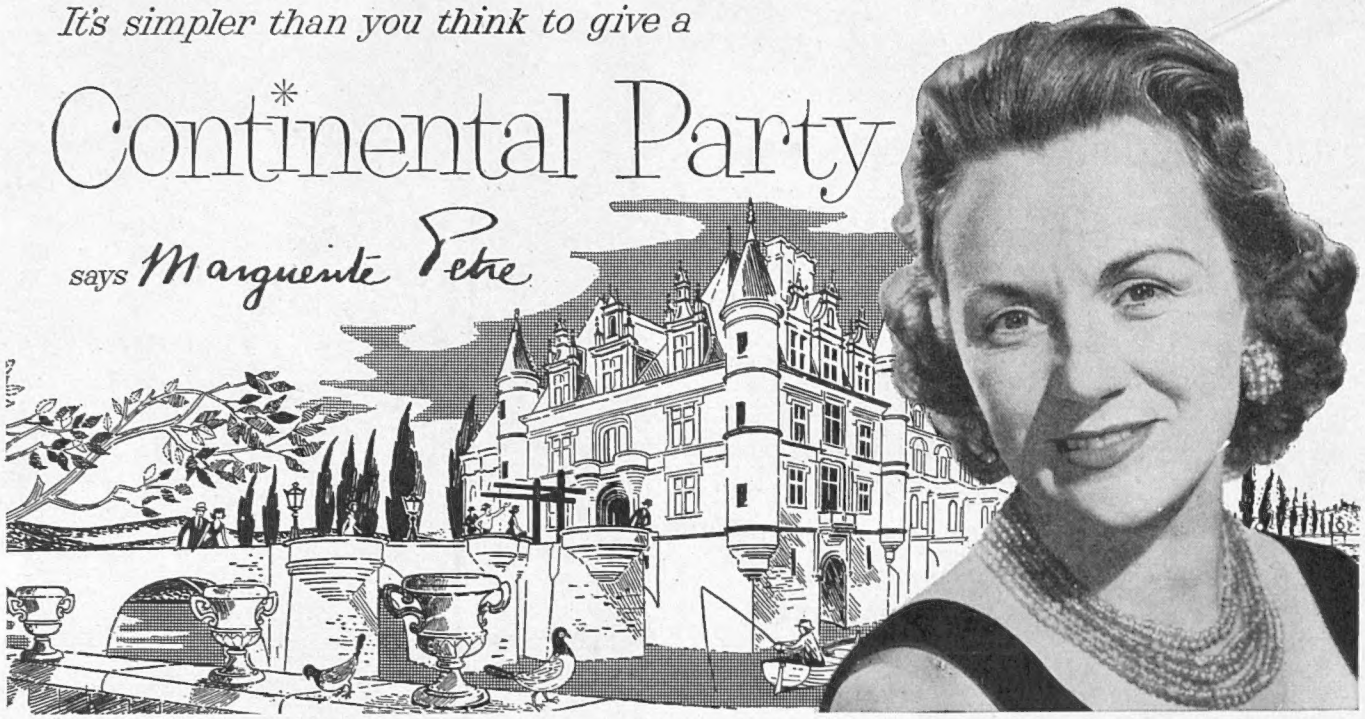
It's simpler than you think to give a

Continental Party

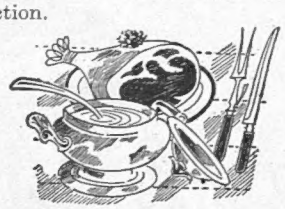
says Marguerite Petre



Entertaining is no fun when you haven't the time to do full justice to yourself as a hostess. So next time you invite some friends around to dinner, why not follow the advice of Lady Petre. Surprise them with a Continental Party. Continental food — say, Sweet and Sour Wheel for that main course — a bottle of wine to go with it, and those little extras around the room to give your party that Continental atmosphere. It's simple to prepare and it can cost so little.

THAT CONTINENTAL TOUCH

Take soup for instance. Soup served with buttered toast makes a piquant beginning to most meals. And with Sweet and Sour Wheel for your main course, what could make a better balance than Maggi Jardiniere or Pea with Smoked Ham. Both are really wonderful and, like all Maggi Soups, they have that Continental flavour to distinction.



TEN DELICIOUS VARIETIES

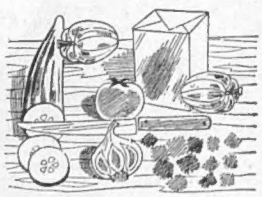
You can choose from ten varieties of Maggi Soup, and each one is distinctive, deliciously distinctive, from any other soup you have ever tasted. And there's something else about Maggi Soups—they are so simple to prepare. You get six ample servings by just adding the contents of a 1/6d. packet to boiling water (if you have some to spare, try a dash of white wine) bring to the boil, and simmer for some minutes. Voilà—all the natural goodness, all the natural flavour that normally comes after six to seven hours' slow simmering, captured and ready to serve in a matter of minutes, as only Maggi knows how! That leaves more time for the other courses!

SWEET AND SOUR WHEEL

Here is a dish that adds spice and enjoyment to many a Continental dinner table. The recipe is simple and by no means frightening for the busy hostess. You will need :—

½ cucumber
4 squat red and green peppers
½ lb. veal and pork cut into small squares
1 box Maggi onion or mushroom soup
1 clove of garlic
¼ pt. vinegar
1 peeled sliced tomato
4 heaped teasp. cooked peas
6 dessertsp. sugar

Make the Maggi onion soup as directed on packet, using ½ pint of water only. Dip pieces of pork and veal in the soup, drain and fry in deep fat. Add vinegar to the rest of the onion soup with a clove of garlic (if liked), the tomato slices, sugar and peas.



Cut the top off each pepper, remove the pulp and warm in the oven. Pour some sweet and sour sauce into each pepper cup and place in the centre of a hot plate. Surround the edge of the plate with overlapping slices of cucumber dipped in lemon juice or vinegar. Place the fried pieces of veal and pork on cocktail sticks, radiating them from the pepper in the centre like spokes of a wheel. Serve with savoury rice and garnish with slivers of brown almonds or with salad.

YOUR WINE LIST

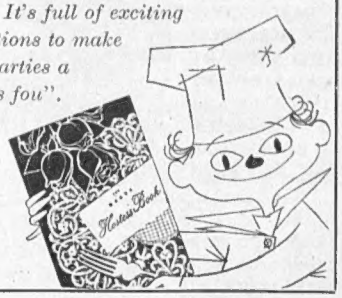
A white wine seems to be called for here—a Château Carbonnieux (Graves) or a Château Climens (Barsac) or perhaps a Pouilly Fuissé and a Chablis (both Burgundies).

FOR THE TABLE

Table decoration can make all the difference to your dinner party. Arrange a centrepiece of fruits and leaves or rings or posies of flowers on a circle of coloured or dark felt so that the effect is thrown up by the felt background.

MAGGI HOSTESS BOOK.

Why not write to Dept. M304, The Nestlé Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, for the new 'Maggi Hostess Book'. It's full of exciting suggestions to make your parties a "succès fou".



DB 15

MAGGI EXTRA SOUPS

Bring the Continent into your kitchen

CAULIFLOWER · MUSHROOM · ONION · NOODLE SOUPMIX (CHICKEN FLAVOURED) · PEA WITH SMOKED HAM · CONSOMME WITH TURTLE MEAT · ASPARAGUS · JARDINIERE · BEEF & CHICKEN BOUILLON

TO OUR EVER-GROWING FAMILY OF READERS, "EVE" SAYS—

A Very Happy Christmas!

★ **TIME TO REMEMBER**—*that Christmas is a family affair but that many people will spend it away from home. Time to remember those who are lonely, or in hospital, or away from their families. Time to remember them at home or overseas . . . with goodwill and a prayer*

MATA HARI—NOT SO BEAUTIFUL SPY

- *Was she a spy? The messages in the diplomatic bags were love letters (she said). The German marks gifts from lovers. "Murder!" she cried when she was shot*
- *Was she even beautiful? A big decorative savage (some said). But everyone stayed to see the end when they watched her do the exotic "Dance of the Seven Veils"*

by TREVOR ALLEN

MATA HARI, executed by a firing squad at Vincennes in 1917, has been romanticised as the original beautiful spy.

But was she really a German spy? Was she even beautiful?

Striving to sift fact from legend, Bernard Newman now concludes that no civilian court would have found her guilty, and until a formal reassessment of the court-martial evidence and findings is made, many people will favour the verdict: "Not proven." The Germans have always denied that she was ever their spy.

His *Inquest on Mata Hari* * is as absorbing as a crime thriller.

She was born Margaretha Gertruida Zelle at Leeuwarden, Holland, in 1876. Her mother died when she was fifteen, and her father, unreliable in business and often on bad terms with his family, moved to Amsterdam and soon remarried.

Physically precocious, looking older than her years, the motherless girl showed an early interest in men.

At eighteen she replied to a newspaper advertisement: "Captain from the Indies, passing his leave in Holland, seeks a wife to his liking, preferably with a little money." Half jokingly, after a "stag" party, it had been inserted by a journalist friend of Captain Campbell MacLeod who had said to this shy bachelor nearing forty: "I'll find a wife for you!" MacLeod was not inclined to take the fifteen replies seriously, but one attracted him so much that he answered, suggesting a meeting. *(Continued overleaf)*

* *Hale, 16s.*

THE NOT SO BEAUTIFUL SPY

(Continued from previous page)

He saw a tall girl with a fine figure, strong nose, sensual lips, alluring eyes; she, with a passion for officers, saw the Prince Charming of her dreams.

Six days later they were engaged. His family opposed the match. Her father, a vain man, insisted that he come in a carriage and pair to ask for her hand. She was already with child when they married at the Town Hall, Amsterdam.

They were in every way unsuited, says Mr. Newman. He was reserved, she selfish, ill-tempered, grasping, with a greed for money. Their first quarrels were over money; within a few weeks she had run through his savings. In January 1896 she bore him a son, Norman, but neglected the child, leaving him with a girl and not returning for hours to feed him.

So from her teens Gerda's life took an unusual, impulsive, unstable turn, hardly conducive to happiness. When, after a year, she accompanied her husband to Java, where he commanded a reserve battalion as major, matters were not improved by the arrival of a daughter.

Her behaviour with junior officers aroused MacLeod's jealousy. He drank, had a vile temper, used whips on the servants and on her, and threatened her with revolvers—according to some biographers. Her marriage *was* unhappy, Mr. Newman confirms, but she was largely responsible.

When he was transferred to Sumatra in 1899, and she followed two months later, he was shocked at the neglected state of the pale and ill-fed children.

IN June that year . . . tragedy. The boy, Norman, died.

The loss soured MacLeod. He had hallucinations in which he heard the dead boy calling to him, wrote his family complaining that life was hell, and "that woman," with her extravagances, openly unfaithful.

In 1900 he retired to a villa in Central Java. Hating the isolation, she wrote to his family and her father alleging drunkenness, adultery, beatings, threats—which she had to withdraw when her father invoked the law's protection for her. In 1902 they returned to Holland, where MacLeod announced publicly that he would not meet debts incurred by his wife. Inevitably they separated and then divorced, MacLeod retaining custody of the daughter.

Such was the squalid prelude to the emergence of Mata Hari in Paris, with exotic dances based on those of the native women of Java.

She first became an artist's model, figure-posing as the sinister Messalina, then (report says) a costly call-girl courtesan in a good-class brothel, then a performer at a minor music-hall.

Calling herself "Lady Gresha MacLeod," she did exciting "strip-tease" dances conveying the sensuous thrills of the East. An agent got her engagements for private parties, the editor of the *Revue Theâtrale* gave her publicity tips, introduced her to people who could help. *And so Mata Hari was born.*

The novelist Colette saw the fake in her. Impresario Antoine said: "It was all sacred nonsense. She was just a big, decorative savage."

But who could resist the provocative eastern costumes and jewelled bangles, the "Dance of the Seven Veils" when the seventh was about to fall?

Captain Mornet, prosecutor at her trial, would say no more of her than: "An overrated young woman. She was not a beauty—but she had charm . . ."

The charm earned her notoriety, touring Europe early in the century. She added an aristocratic *von* to her name, with a Duke von Zelle as fictitious ancestor. Like most unstable people, she was an inveterate romancer.

By 1914 she was, at thirty-seven, almost *passée* as a dancer and ripe for new adventures that eventually landed her in jail as a spy. At a Berlin music-hall she met von Jagow, Berlin Chief of Police, and later at her trial, had to explain why he gave her 30,000 marks (then about £1,500). "That was my fee!" she said. "He was one of my lovers—one of the most faithful of them all." *Legend claims that it was advance pay for spying in France, but this Mr. Newman disputes.*

Certainly she needed money, for the outbreak of war closed the theatre, leaving her with a suitcase and very little cash.

DURING the next two years mystery surrounded her movements. In July 1915, British agents reported that she had been seen with German officers in Madrid; evidently she intended going to Germany, via Holland. When she did sail, early in 1916, the *Hollandia* was taken into Falmouth and Mata Hari sent to London, where spy-catcher Sir Basil Thompson questioned her about her Madrid friends.

"I *am* a spy—I admit it," she said. "But not for Germany—*I spy for France.*" Advised by him to give up what she was doing, she said she would—"You may trust me implicitly." With no actual evidence against her, she was shipped back to Spain. Within a month, as Thompson said, she was "at it again."

She never lacked plausible excuses for her strange conduct. German money credited to her through a neutral legation, was "love money"; her lovers were using official funds to pay off love-debts—a not unknown expedient. She was at Vittel not to pump military information out of French officers, but to be near one who had been blinded—"the only man I ever loved." She sent letters through the diplomatic bag to the chief of German espionage in Amsterdam only because he was a lover. "It was not my fault that he became chief of espionage, was it?" *And so on, and so on.*

But her explanations could not save her. Sentenced to death by a court-martial vote of four to three, she whispered "It 's not true." Before her execution she told the registrar: "Write: 'Mata Hari declares that she is innocent and a victim of murder.'" Innocent or not, who can doubt that her destiny—that of the born *femme fatale*—was shaped in those early, eruptive years that lacked the stability of normal girlhood? Mr. Newman probes the evidence thoroughly in this engrossing *Inquest*—tactfully leaving the reader to decide.

"EVE" (GLANCING BACK AT 1956)

IN JULY—the girl on the cover with a dreamy look and a deep red rose. She likes diamonds and mink, too (chinchilla at a pinch)

REMEMBER THIS FACE?

AND SEPTEMBER—this beautiful cover was a sensation in the magazine world. Women adored the romantic silhouette. Men bought EVE too

HAIR

Shoulder-length locks take a lot of brushing, a twice-weekly home wash with Riché's Champagne Shampoo, and a nightly set on rollers, with pin-curled ends

EYEBROWS

They are naturally dark and arched—and left unplucked; lightly defined for evening with Max Factor's black mascara. Same for lashes—with green mascara for parties

EYES

For extra sparkle, she bathes her green eyes with eyedrops, sometimes shadows the lids with creamy grey or brown Lancôme eye shadow, finds these neutral shades have a discreeter emphasis

COMPLEXION

She gives her creamy skin a nightly cleansing with Max Factor's Satin Flow, a thrice-weekly nourishing with Elizabeth Arden's Skin Food, and a once-a-month face pack with Innoxa's White Mask

LIPS

She outlines the generous curves of her mouth with a lip-brush, fills in with Lancôme's brillant *lipsticks —new favourite, the white-pink Rose Blanc—chosen for their glistening, subtle colours*

NAILS

Ten minutes' soaking in olive oil, a coat of Revlon's Superbase followed by two thin layers of one of their pinkest, prettiest polishes, and a top-seal—and her weekly manicure is complete

SKIN

After bathing, she cossets her skin with Revlon's smooth-flowing Aquamarine Lotion. This does duty as a hand cream as well as a body lotion, softens fingertips and knuckles as well as rough elbows

ANALYSES A COVER FACE

. She's the girl who's never been to a night club—because she hates crowds

COVER girls set a fashion in faces. There was the urchin-cut gamine look, the Italian look, the pale and pretty look. . . .

Adele of the glinting green eyes, camellia skin and hour-glass figure is an EVE cover model with the latest look—dramatic, wide-eyed, feminine.

So we decided to analyse it. To find out WHY Adele Collins has the look of a cover girl. Is it diet and discipline? Is it luck—or learning the latest tricks?

The superb figure (33, 17, 33) IS luck. But Adele keeps her skin and muscles trim and taut with nightly exercises by an open window (*" These make me sleep better, too," says the girl who rises at seven every morning for a suburb-to-studio journey*). She wears the lightest of girdles and bras, but is determined to plunge straight into stronger sheathing the instant there 's any sign of trouble.

She 's petite enough (5 ft. 2 ins.) to call up the protective instincts of a whole regiment. Which is fun, but—she can't find ready-made clothes to fit her. She turns disadvantage to an asset by having them made of expensive materials in highly individual designs. (Example : a " matador " dress and jacket. The tight sheath dress is topped with an embossed, embroidered bolero and little tricorne hat, an idea drawn from her friend Vincent Hitchcock, the English bullfighter.)

SHE has dark, luxuriant hair, straight out of the Arabian Nights. Perversely, it 's straight, and apt to be greasy. So she brushes and washes it frequently, sets it *every* night—and wears it at a versatile shoulder-length. Daytime sees it swept up and back in the neatest of chignons (concealing any suspicion of lankness) ; evening, loosely romantic on her shoulders.

She has vivid colouring : dark hair, green eyes, pale skin. But exotic looks *can* be over-done, with too much make-up. So she uses the minimum, relying on the *natural* contrasts, of hair, skin and eyes.

Minimum means Max Factor's Theatrical Base, applied very sparingly, lightly powdered (no rouge) or worn without powder for the " shiny look " on summer or country days ; lightly accentuated eyes ; and a pink lipstick. In the country, too, she leaves her fingernails unpainted, buffs them to a fine sheen.

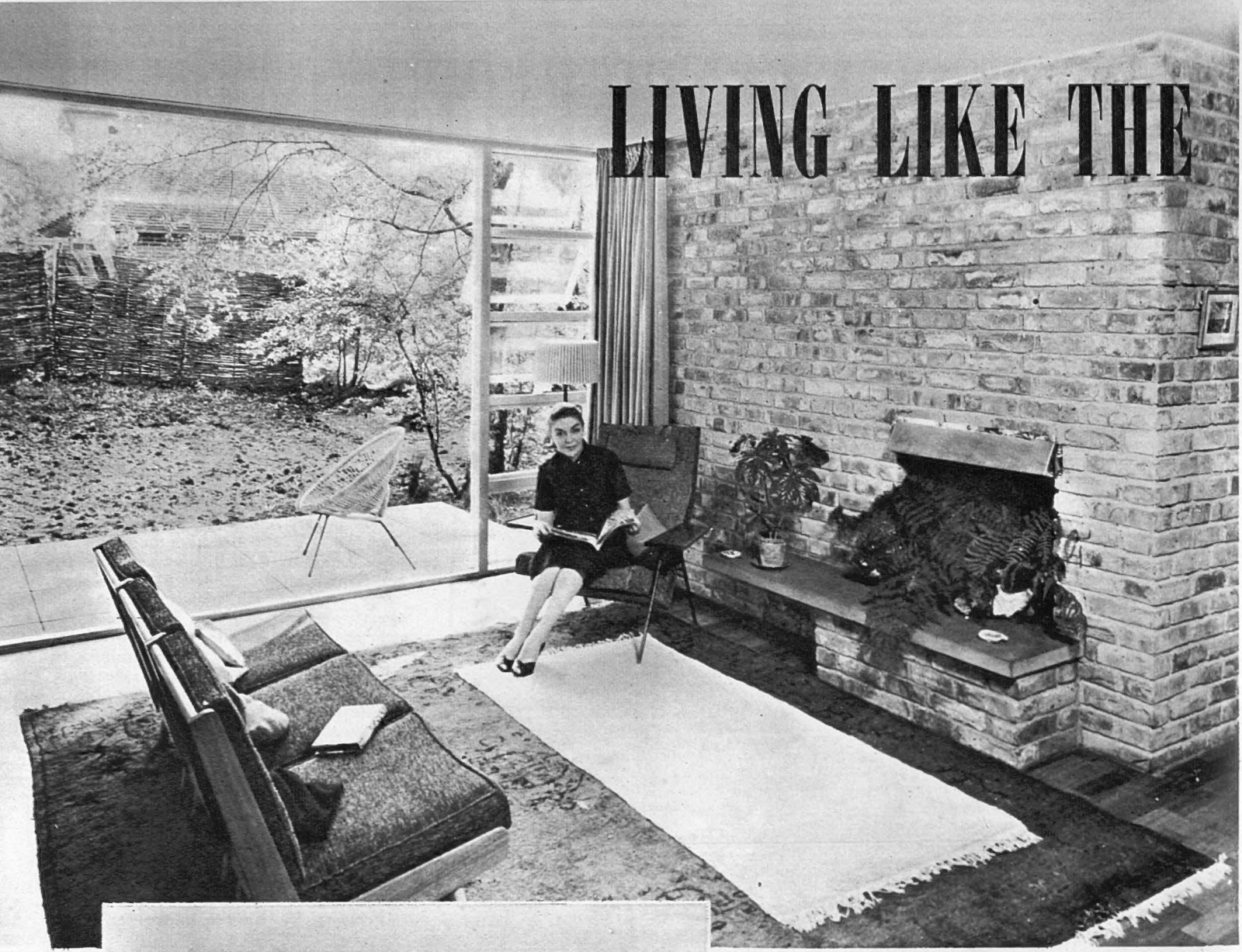
Her special make-up tip is Max Factor's Eyeliner—a pencil of white pigment which she uses on her lower eyelid, above the lashes, to enlarge and brighten her eyes. She uses it to lighten any cosmetic, as oil-painters use white paint to lighten a colour.

Adele has a throat and neck a swan would envy. Preservation steps have started already : plenty of creamy massage, and " slapping " exercises.

Final, emphatic words are on poise and carriage—as Adele says, " standing straight and walking well has the effect on your figure of a headline on your daily paper. *The news may be there, but you won't look at it unless your eye is caught !* "

—Anne de Courcy

LIVING LIKE THE



OH SO SIMPLE—

WHY DIDN'T *WE*

THINK OF THAT!

Fireplace wall (above) *is built of the same yellow bricks as used externally. Notice the raised fireplace beside Margaret King; the Hille three-unit settee; and circular chair, for outdoors or in, brought home from Hong Kong by George King*

Open hatch (left) *separates the kitchen from meals area. This enables Mrs. King to keep an eye on Georgina and Amanda. The let-down flap is for "counter service" snacks and quick breakfasts*

KINGS—FOR £3,000

"Build us a budget house," they said. This is what they got for the money

MAXIMUM light, maximum warmth, maximum space for two growing children—at the *minimum* price. These were the demands of B.O.A.C. pilot George King and his pretty Australian wife Margaret.

Final cost of their three-bedroom house was an incredibly low £3,000, plus land. Major points of the economy plan produced by architect Arthur Stephenson are :

Despite a dramatic elevation of almost all glass, expensive double glazing was avoided by grouping top-hung ventilation windows in a small area—so losing little heat. Big windows are fixed—no heat losses, no draughts.

Heating is taken care of by a Weatherfoil unit. It runs on cheap fuel, pumps a steady flow of warm air through the house—and provides lashings of hot water.

And in the coldest weather there is a coal fire in the living-room—its hearth raised well above floor-level to distribute heat.

Almost all glass—but little loss of heat. The reason? The small grouped windows are the only ones on the ground floor which open. This elevation has shiplap woodwork painted white. Other outside walls are cedar shingles above yellow stock bricks

Mahogany and metal staircase ascends direct from the open-plan living area. This has several advantages : providing architectural interest ; saving space of stairs in the hall ; allowing warm air from the Weatherfoil unit in the wall to be blown straight to the first floor through open treads

- Some ride on donkeys, some have witnesses on the wedding night
- Some tread on eggs. . . . But ALL brides dream of a white wedding dress

IS THE WHITE WEDDING DYING?

Yes, says the man who rents the 1956 bride her gown

MAMA used to say a girl *should* wear white on the day she 'd remember all her life. So she swept up the aisle with six frilly bridesmaids in a cloud of tulle and orange blossom.

Mama may sigh that romance is dying, but memories like that cost money. To-day's brides—whether they come by Daimler or donkey, or pelt their guests with almonds—are finding the white wedding an expensive way to start a marriage.

In Britain the hire business is helping to save it. Once sentiment and snobbery turned the wedding day into a nightmare for the bride who wanted to hire a dress. To-day prejudice is fading: she can hire dress, shoes, veil, gloves and jewellery for half the price of a wedding gown.

And in Europe? *The white wedding is dying out there too.* Mr. Edward Young who runs a London dress-hire business and travels the world seeking new styles for the brides who borrow gowns, reports:

In towns and villages I heard the same tale—"We couldn't afford it." The young girls still dream of a traditional white wedding but few have them. And in the villages dress hire is unknown. The lucky ones wear the gown that mother and grandmother wore.

IN Viareggio I was told "You will not see bridesmaids in Italy to-day—perhaps children in their best dresses, but not bridesmaids."

But in Europe, the weddings, especially in the villages, are gayer than in Britain—even without the white wedding dresses. There is beer drinking, dancing and exuberant celebrations.

I attended weddings in Sweden, Austria, France, Yugoslavia and Greece. In the villages everyone shares in the wedding, helping either in the preparations or in the ceremony itself. And each village is proud of its bridal folk-lore. We say "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," but in Italy, a rainy day is the best omen a bride can have. (*In Italy the groom is given away too—by his mother.*)

Most important are ways of protecting the bride from spirits. In Provence she rides on a donkey to avoid the evil influences under the ground. In Britain a groom carries his bride over the threshold—in Russia the windows of the bride's house are shut to keep the spirits out on her wedding day.

Many of the rites are purely symbolic and often connected with fertility. In Northern France I have seen a bride treading on eggs and smashing pots. Confetti itself was originally derived from the throwing of grain by primitive Indians to ensure fertility. A little packet of sugared almonds was given to me at a wedding near Florence—they are thrown amongst the guests at Italian receptions.

In Austria, I joined in a wedding procession round the village, accompanied by small boys and youths blowing weird instruments. The bride rode in a bullock cart wearing a beautiful Tyrolean costume; the guests their best clothes and brightest colours.

AFTER the ceremony we went to the local inn, where the bride's parents shared their wineglass with all friends—as a gesture of goodwill.

Then the dancing began and lasted throughout the night. There was no going-away honeymoon as we know it—the modern honeymoon is a recent urban custom. (*We can think ourselves lucky in England that the old custom, still observed in Slav countries, of having witnesses on the first night of the "honeymoon," has been forgotten.*)

Before the ceremony the modesty and innocence of the bride is respected by all. In many places, particularly in the Dubrovnik area of Yugoslavia, they still perform the "stealing of the bride" ceremony. The villagers assume that every girl would prefer to be carried off by her lover than go to him of her own free will. In Yugoslavian villages, too, the fathers often stage a mock battle on the steps of the church to protect the bride.

The dowry is still important in most European countries—maybe a few cattle or a piece of land. In Greece the young girl begins to collect linen and household articles for her dowry from the age of twelve. On the day of her wedding they are laid out in one room and sprinkled with sweet basil. At the end of the reception they are taken from the house through the window—it is considered unlucky to pass them through the door.

The Greek wedding is usually held on a Sunday, though festivities begin the day before with a party in both family homes. The bride and groom are not allowed to visit each other's homes for a week before. *On the wedding eve there is a noisy procession from the groom's house headed by a band, with the bride's dress hung like a banner in the wind, and followed by trays containing her shoes and other accessories.*

On the day, the groom, as in Yugoslavia, is shaved in public to the music of the village band, and there is much good-humoured ragging. Perhaps for the first time in her life, the bride will wear make-up—usually Greek peasant girls do not powder. But at their weddings it is a concession to the men who admire a pale skin.

AS best man at the wedding I attended, I had to place the two traditional orange blossom crowns on the heads of the bride and groom. They are joined by a white silk thread and have to be crossed three times over their heads first.

I was also asked to pin a white handkerchief to the groom's lapel in order that he might be recognised in the crowd.

The Roman Catholic nations, and particularly the Spanish, have the most beautiful weddings of all. The Spanish senorita, if she comes from a well-to-do family, devotes most of her thoughts to marriage and her parents do all they can to find her a good husband.

British-design wedding clothes—both for men and women—are most popular in Spain and Italy, where I saw grooms in real English-type grey weskits and toppers. In England brides asked me for Swiss *guipure* lace for their gowns. In Switzerland I was told Nottingham lace was the favourite!

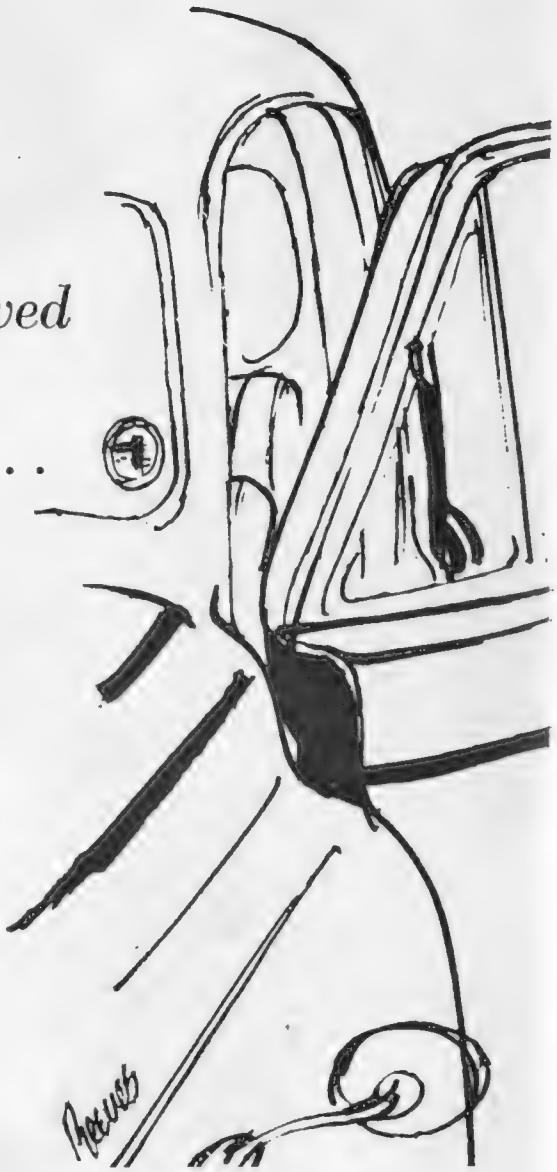
MAMA'S MEMORIES COST TOO MUCH

FOR THE BRIDES OF TO-DAY

My Cousin From

We had a crisis in the family over a packet of love letters. Then she arrived and WHAM! I had an inspiration...

A new short story by NINA WARNER HOOKE



"WHEN FATHER

MY sister Frankie has always looked on me as just a kid brother. She doesn't know it, of course, but although I 'm two years younger, I 've really been a guiding influence in her life. There was that sticky patch I steered her through three years ago, when she was eighteen. . . .

Frankie and I had been as close as brother and sister can be—until she left school. Then everything was changed. She was too busy painting her nails and perming her hair to have any time for me or the things we used to do together. I was snubbed every time I opened my mouth. She was what Mrs. Bates, our daily help, called " uppity."

I expect the feeling of being grown up and free to do as she pleased at last had gone to her head. She joined the local drama club, but after a few months she was bored and looking round for some other amusement. So she took up riding.

And that 's how she came to get mixed up with this chap Gawthorne. She had been running around with him quite a while before any of us suspected it.

* * *

What brought the affair to light was mother's discovery of a packet of love letters in Frankie's room. Pretty hot, some of them were, too, by all accounts. There were references to a plan for " slipping away together," and " time standing still while I hold you in my arms " —you can guess the mushy sort of stuff.

Mother was hopping mad and confiscated the letters to show to father. And then the lid blew off. You never heard such a scene.

The reason why I appeared in it was because it happened in August and I was home from school for the summer holidays. We were having tea in the garden that day. Mother came across the lawn with her mouth pursed up in the way that meant something nasty had happened, and dropped the packet into father's lap. Frankie made a grab for them, and missed. She gave a yell of rage.

"Those are mine, my private property!"

" So much is clear from the contents," Mother said icily. " When your father has read them, you will be invited to supply an explanation."

Frankie slumped back in her chair and there was an awful silence while Father put on his glasses and plodded through the letters. By the time he had come to the third one his face was purple.

" Great heavens," he exploded, " so this is what you 've been up to—and with George Gawthorne, of all people! "

* * *

" Daddy, listen——" Frankie began, pale with fright. But she was shouted down. " You listen to *me*, my girl. Haven't you got *any* sense—playing around with a reputation like that? If you don't happen to know what a bounder he is, you 're the only one who doesn't."

It went on and on. Frankie cried, Father fumed and Mother chipped in whenever she could get a chance. I just sat there finishing the cucumber sandwiches and feeling as if someone had hit me with a hammer. It seemed there was good reason for the uproar. This Gawthorne chap was a well-known local character. He was an ex-Army officer who ran a riding school. His name was English enough but he looked as if he might have had a touch of the Latin in him. He had slick black hair and a skin with a permanent sun tan. He was about forty-five but slim and well built. He was handsome all right, if you go for the dashing romantic type.

I was sorry for Frankie but didn't feel inclined to stick up for her, because it certainly looked as though she had made rather an ass of herself. Not that she seemed to be in need of help. She had stopped crying and gone all dramatic and defiant. George Gawthorne was the great love of her life, she said, and she would never give him up, no matter what happened. She would rather *die*.

It was then, when Mother was on the verge of hysterics and you could almost see the smoke coming out of Father, that the messenger boy arrived. He cycled up the garden path and handed Mother a buff-coloured envelope. She took one look at the contents and shrieked.

Kansas

OPENED THE DOOR WE GASPED—SHE WAS A KNOCK-OUT!"

" Oh no," she cried. " Not now. It 's *too* much." We all crowded round. It was a cablegram, wirelessed from the S.S. *America*, and it said : " *Docking Southampton Monday. Hope you can accommodate me.*" It was signed, " *Millicent Blake.*"

Blake is our name ; but even this didn't enlighten me for a moment. And then it dawned on me. This must be our cousin Millie from Kansas, U.S.A. Our unseen, unknown cousin and only relative on my father's side of the family.

* * *

I shall have to dodge back a bit here, Uncle Albert, Father's elder brother, was a Job-like character who seemed fated to have bad luck all his life. He had infuriated my grandparents by getting married when he was barely twenty and had been cut off with the proverbial shilling. He had tried one job after another and failed to make good at any of them. Within a couple of years his wife died and left him with a baby daughter to support. This was our cousin Millie. He then decided to emigrate to America. After drifting about in his usual luckless fashion for some time, he finally took over a derelict farmstead in the State of Kansas. He and Father wrote to each other about once every ten years. There was one letter—I remember it well because it came on my fourteenth birthday and I naturally had hopes . . . well, I mean, you never know, with long-lost uncles in foreign parts. No such luck, though. There were two whole pages in praise of our cousin Millie—" the best daughter a man ever had. I have been trying to persuade her to take a trip to England, as some reward for her selfless devotion. I know you would give her the warm welcome she deserves. . . ."

Cousin Millie was no doubt a paragon of virtue, but she sounded a bit dull. Anyway, Father sent back a dutiful letter saying she would always be welcome.

She could scarcely have chosen a worse time for it. An unexpected visitor, and a stranger at that, is the last thing you want to have to cope with in the middle of a first-class family rumpus.

However, things simmered down a bit over the week-end and by Sunday evening Frankie was at least on speaking terms with *(Continued on page 62)*

DASHING SIR DOUGLAS—TV

He has made over 160 television films which have earned more than £1,000,000 — but he refuses to touch a penny from them

WHAT an amazing man he is. One week "Sir Douglas" and "Lady" Fairbanks are entertaining the Royal Family to dinner at their lovely home at 28, The Boltons. The next, they are holding Hollywood in the small of the hand, entertaining lavishly in their mammoth Spanish-style summer-house, Westridge, a mansion which once belonged to Elissa Landi.

To-day fewer and fewer people can recall seeing Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a film star. There is a new generation which knows him only as the polished and smiling figure announcing and often starring in TV plays.

Fairbanks is a great deal to blame for the mystery that surrounds himself and his family. He refuses to write about himself, and gave scant assistance to Brian Connell, author of *Knight Errant*, the Fairbanks' biography.

Connell had to make his own way to the United States to dig out facts of Doug's first marriage to Joan Crawford; he was given almost no information about Doug's TV work in Britain; and although the book scintillates with facts that Connell has unearthed, it can hardly answer all the questions that arise in the minds of TV viewers who know Doug only as a handsome face on their screens.

At forty-six, Fairbanks controls his own film corporation, his own TV film company, and is connected with firms making pre-fab. buildings, shoes, clothing, popcorn and hotels. He needs to work. His father, Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, was worth about 18,000,000 dollars. He died after the slump with an estate having a paper value of less than half a million pounds sterling. And of this his son got less than £150,000.

SO back to Hollywood he went after his release from the American Navy to make *Sinbad the Sailor* for R.K.O.

"In the pink?" he told a reporter. "No, I'm in the red. That's why I'm back in pictures!"

Seeing his plays on ITV screens week after week, one might think that Fairbanks is coining a fortune. In fact, he has not touched a penny of his earnings from television.

The films are made at Boreham Wood, Elstree, where at various times he has 400 on the payroll. So far he has produced around 160 full-length filmed TV plays. And it all happened as the result of a chance remark. . . .

Around 1948 Fairbanks was one of several consultants on the Marshall Plan.

◀ Douglas Fairbanks and his pretty wife, Mary Lee—dinner guests include the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh

KNIGHT

by ELIZABETH MILLAR GOW

Doug, knowing Britain (he had been here off and on since the age of five), began to explore several trade channels which he could use. Among his suggestions was pre-filmed television programmes.

It was just an idea. . . . Wouldn't somebody please get it started ?

But nobody did. So at last, after pressure was brought to bear, he agreed to get the scheme started in Britain himself.

After it was running maybe he would be able to step away from it all, and possibly come back to make Hollywood films. He never has.

To-day those television films have brought in 5,000,000 dollars. And many British actors who have worked for Fairbanks at Boreham Wood are now familiar personalities in Wisconsin, Little Bear and Alabama.

The reason Fairbanks will not touch a penny of the money is that he does not regard it as his " personal profit " at all. These exported TV films are part of his life as an international statesman. He is content to see the profits ploughed back into the project, so that more and more films can be made. At first American TV networks were suspicious of " Limey " films ; unions feared the import would put American actors out of work. But one big New York sponsor, Rheingold Beer, booked the series. So did Standard Oil, in the Middle West. Now there are twenty sponsors in America and Canada.

" WE have almost reached saturation-point," admits Fairbanks. " We have reached the point of diminishing returns, by competing against ourselves on the re-issues ! "

Not content with making new television films, Doug has formed another company in conjunction with producer Sol Lesser, to edit and re-issue the best pictures made by his father.

" Pete," as Doug always called his father, must smile if there are television screens in what Hollywood describes as " The Great Beyond." *The Man in the Iron Mask* and other Fairbanks, Sr., epics which delighted our mothers and fathers are being re-issued on television. Doug has yet another odd interest in films. He is one of the guiding figures of The Dougfair Corporation, which, in addition to other chores, does TV work, and first caught public attention when it created a series based on nation-wide popular strip-cartoon characters !

From all this, you see that Fairbanks manages to keep a deft thumb well buried in a wide variety of pies. He is equally at home before or behind a movie or TV camera, on a stage, in a business office, at a conference table, or among the glitter of society in Hollywood, New York, London and Rome.

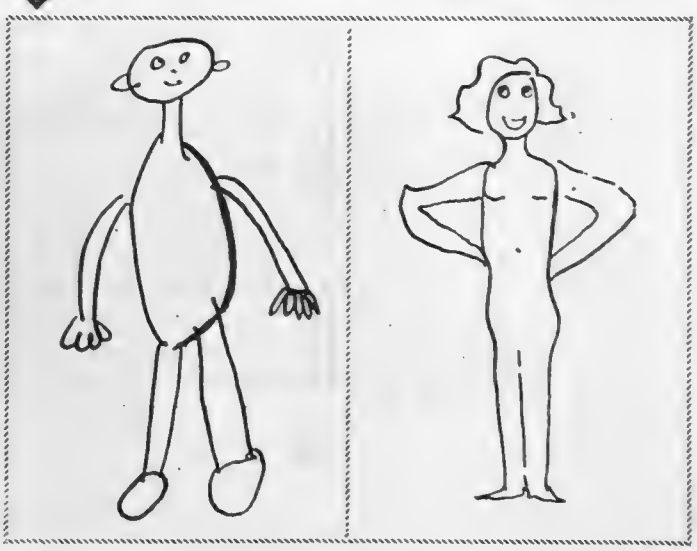
It was, however, a social setback when a story leaked out about a Royal dinner-party. He and his wife, Mary Lee Fairbanks, were the envy of London society when they pulled (*Continued on page 27*)

DON'T KEEP YOUR PSYCHE A SECRET

This test will tell you all you want to know about yourself—and a lot you don't ! It's not HOW you draw, it's WHAT you draw that counts—there's a clue to your personality in every line

Draw the figure of a man in one of these blank squares, a woman in the other. Take your time—then turn over and find out what your drawings mean. But first (*below*) see how you can give yourself away

This is a drawing by a thirty-nine-year-old woman who combines marriage and a career. The confident pose and solid limbs of the woman in the sketch show she is self-confident and likes to dominate. But she has disconnected a limb from the body and given away her sensual disposition. The drawing of the neck clearly separates head from trunk and shows rigid principles



Here is a sketch by a thirty-year-old, unmarried woman who holds an important job. The obvious, vertical and angular shape of the body, the exaggerated length of the arms and the width of the shoulders are marked indications of masculinity. The open position of the feet is a give-away of a conflict within the personality and her drawing says that she is in need of affection.

Drawn your figures? Check with these pictures and learn all about yourself...

AND EVEN YOUR BEST

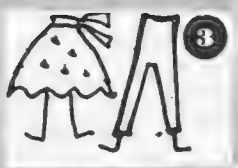
This is a scientific test which can help to discover the repressed problems of your personality (so they say). Psychoanalysts have proved there exists a direct relationship between the personality and a few careless lines on paper. Check for some of those dark conflicts you 've hidden away by comparing your sketches with this point-by-point analysis.

What were your reactions before starting your drawings ?

Did you refuse to take the test or show a disinclination to start sketching the figures ? If you did, then you 've something to hide and you are afraid of revealing it to yourself and to those around you

Did you wonder if the figures had to be clothed ?

You think a lot about your looks. You seem prudish but you like to show them off



Did you draw a man or a woman first ?

Generally, women draw a woman first, men a man. The woman who draws a man first secretly envies the masculine role. She is usually cultivated, brilliant and has a career. Men who draw women first are often shy

Which of your figures has the the bigger head ?

The figure which has the most important head is the one you recognise as belonging to the superior sex and the one to which you attribute most authority

What are the general characteristics of your drawings ?

If you are proud, you will have drawn the woman larger and stronger than the man. Weak men will sketch hard or grim-looking women

Does the figure of your own sex look like someone you know ?

If so, you have a secret desire to identify yourself with the person. If the drawing is like you, then you are completely satisfied with yourself. And if the figure is only a mixture of curves and straight lines, then you wish to repress physical and sensual desires

Are your figures still or in action ?

Most adults draw still figures. If yours are in action, you dream of adventure. If they are adorned, you have a natural tendency towards good grooming

Are your figures drawn with light or heavy lines ?

If you have drawn very thick lines, you want to put up a barrier against the world around you. Lines lightly drawn show a shy personality—someone more interested in ideas than action. Shading is a sign of hypersensitiveness

Have you drawn one part of the figure more firmly than another ?

The head indicates an intellectual life, the arms or hands a social or hard-working life, body or legs the life of the senses

How have you placed your drawings in the square ?

The size of your drawing indicates the degrees of importance you attach to yourself. If you have taken up the whole square, you love achievements and honours ; if your drawing is small, you are modest

Are your figures drawn in the left side of the squares ?

The left side symbolises " the beginning of all things." If yours are there, you are shy but would like to assert your personality. At the bottom of the square —you tend to be discouraged, On the right—you have an overbearing attitude to life

What size are your figures ?

Small figures are often drawn by depressed people without much vitality, big figures by active people with strong personalities or (less often) by those who want to hide an inferiority complex. A figure in profile shows a secretive personality. If the head is in profile and the body is not, you are trying to show your physical advantages but are secretive about your thoughts

FRIENDS WOULDN'T TELL YOU!

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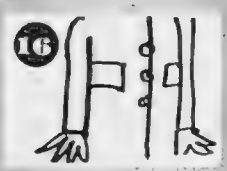
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13 ***How have you drawn the mouth?***

Affectionate people attach a lot of importance to the mouth. The depressed or the alcoholic often forget to draw it or give it an irregular shape. A large, wide-open mouth means childishness and a need for affection

14 ***Which part of the body did you start to draw first?***

If you started by drawing the head, as most people do, you have an inquisitive mind. You are curious about people and like to understand those around you. If you have drawn a face and hardly shown the features, you are unsociable and bitter. If the head is much bigger than the body, you are an intellectual. You are very proud of yourself if you have only drawn a face

15 ***Are the eyes large or small?***

Large eyes mean you like people of your own type around you. Small eyes show you tend to be egocentric

16 ***How have you drawn the arms and hands?***

If the arms stretch away from the body, you are self-reliant and like your independence. But if they stretch away and then rejoin the body you have a fear of life's difficulties. Arms hanging straight beside the body show you are very reserved. If they hang loosely, you have an indecisive mind. Figures without arms indicate great mental depression or anxiety about an action taken or about to be taken. If the hands have been forgotten or drawn indistinctly, it is a sign that you feel lost in the world

17 ***Have you drawn fingers?***

If you have not drawn fingers, you have learnt to control the childish desire to destroy. Short, round fingers, like petals or bunches of grapes, are usually drawn by clumsy people. Closed fists show anger. Ambitious people (and also children) often draw five fingers

18 ***How have you drawn the feet?***

Look carefully. If they are capable of supporting the body you are a stable and well-balanced person. But if the feet are pointing in opposite directions—you lack " backbone "

19 ***How have you drawn the trunks of your figures?***

A rounded, curved drawing shows a feminine personality. An angular or firm line is a sign of masculinity

20 ***Have you added accessories?***

A walking-stick, an umbrella or a handbag show that you are preoccupied with yourself

21 ***Are your figures dressed—and if so, how?***

People who are proud of their appearance often draw nudes. The addition of details—pockets or buttons, etc.—reveals that you lack affection

22 ***Have your figures ears?***

Large ears show a tendency to be offended or to fly off the handle too easily. If they are more accentuated than the rest of the body, you have a suspicious nature

23 ***What hair styles have you drawn?***

If the woman you have sketched has a lot of hair, you are generous and soft-hearted. But if her hair is drawn into a bun, you are reserved and distrusting. If you have drawn a man with a mass of hair (or, above all, given him a moustache or beard) you attach importance to virile qualities

24 ***What kind of nose have you drawn?***

If the nose is long and commands the face, it is a sign of virility. If you have given much importance to the nostrils, you are very strong-minded. A small, turned-up nose shows a childish disposition

LONDON'S YOUNGEST PROFESSION—AT £2 2s. AN HOUR

THE studio looked more like a crèche. Surrounded by babies, photographer Howard Byrne was smiling happily. And the babies smiled back. . . .

They have to. In the youngest profession those chubby smiles are the secret of success—and a salary bigger than father's.

Baby models can earn as much as two guineas an hour. But there 's no future in it. By the time a model has reached the age of two his career is over. He is TOO OLD.

When Mr. Byrne advertises for photogenic under-twos to audition at his Mayflower Studio, hundreds of mothers rush for the chance to show off baby. In their dreams he has a fortune in his face, but it isn't as easy as that.

First comes the audition. And from twenty bouncing babies anxiously posed in their mothers' arms, only six may be chosen. They 'll be the ones who are most likely to smile in front of the camera. " It 's all a matter of temperament," says Mr. Byrne. " No matter how beautiful a baby is, he 'll be no use to us if he starts to cry and wastes the

There 's always a queue for the auditions. And just being a beautiful baby isn't enough. The young models must have the temperament to make good troupers in the studio. Tears waste time and money—and baby's working life lasts only 18 months

AND SO MISS CAREER GIRL

These model babies earn as much as two guineas an hour. But they're in a job without a future. It lasts only eighteen months—then they're TOO OLD to work

photographer's time. They MUST be good troupers in the studio."

The six who are chosen will be photographed one at a time while their mothers coo and coax in the background. Nothing very much is demanded of them—no action, no drama. Just animation and a willingness to look in the general direction of the camera.

The chief demand for baby models comes from the advertisers of baby products. Under six months, a baby is too young for the job—the feeding and sleeping schedule must allow him to be alert for at least an hour at a time.

Over two years, he is too old to use the products he advertises. So the working life of a baby model lasts only about eighteen months. The studio has to have frequent auditions to select new recruits.

A baby can change disastrously. A disgruntled photographer may discover that a model who has been used for months to advertise a pre-teething product has arrived at the studio with a set of teeth.

MOTHERS play a large part in their babies' careers. It is usually mother who knows exactly what combination of chirrupings will induce baby to produce his most appealing smile and what nursery games will revive flagging interest.

She also acts as wardrobe mistress, dressing the baby in the clothes to be modelled—or undressing him for the inevitable bare baby pictures. And close co-operation is essential between mothers and the studio to see that the modelling sessions fit into the baby's schedule, so that he arrives alert and not sleepy or querulous.

For the photographer a session of baby photography can be a frustrating ordeal. Mother is not always successful in winning the young model's co-operation. When she fails, everyone in the studio goes into a frenzy of baby talk, while the photographer pulls funny faces.

The audition is over and he 's launched on a new career. Mother coaxes, the camera is poised . . . will he or won't he smile ? If he does, he 'll advertise baby products until he grows too old to use them. Then auditions start again . . .

SIGNS ON THE DOTTED LINE . . .

2

3

NIGHT AND DAY— THIS IS THE COUCH FOR PARTY-GIVERS

CHRISTMAS is coming. So is the season when fog and smog are likely to leave someone stranded on your hands after a party. With building costs zooming few modern homes can afford the luxury of a guest room—but these new convertible settees will solve the problem for only £30–40.

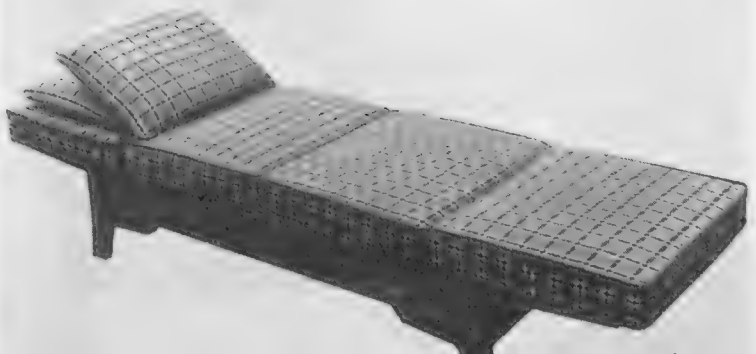
These smart pieces of furniture are worth their weight in gold-tinsel over the Christmas holidays—and through the summer too. Gone for ever are the huge-and-heavy bed-settees that needed the grip of a Goliath to open. Hille's new convertible, for instance, changes from settee to single bed with a simple swing of the hinged back.

* * *

For double-bed settees, it is the studio couch that now gains ground over the conventional kind. These can become three- or four-seater couch ; a 4½-ft. bed ; or a pair of single divans. More in the tradition of the original bed-settee is the Kingbed. But look how sleek it is compared to those heavy, armed settees which still sell, but fit in less and less with space-saving modern rooms. This becomes a luxurious 4-ft. bed.

1 *Sleek settee by Hille seats four during the day. At night flick the hinged back down—and there is a 2¾-ft. bed. The back limits the settee seat to proper proportions and also acts as a stop for the bedclothes. Four-inch latex foam mattress on Pirelli webbing*

2 *Another solution for the single bed-settee. Conran's new design is a bed just as it stands, with Aerofoam cushions. Unique feature is the new half-height back. This enables you to lean on an elbow and face any angle in the room, and it also props up the cushions if you prefer to sit straight*



3 *Far from the days of the bulky bed-settee, the Kingbed seats four or sleeps two, opening easily into a 4-ft. bed. Its features include the round-the-corner contrasting colour seat, and an interior sprung mattress independent of the upholstery*

4 *Five-way permutation. The Oslo design can be used (1) as a settee, with the sides up, (2) as rest couch, with one side down, (3) a five-seater, with both sides down, (4) as a bed, with sides down and back removed and (5) a child's cot or bed, in the settee position with back cushions removed and the open side against a wall*

ASK HIM IF HE KNOWS THESE TYPES? (He may be one)

SO THIS IS WHAT

MR. R. W. was a worried man. He liked to wear his blue-grey Harris tweed sports jacket with dark blue sports trousers and brown shoes.

But, said a friend, this was simply NOT DONE—"You wouldn't wear brown shoes with a navy-blue lounge suit."

Poor, bewildered, anxious-to-do-the-right-thing R. W. wrote to a man's magazine.

And under the heading "Answers to Dress Problems" he was reassured: "The colour in this instance is not the important point. What matters is that the outfit is a leisure or sports outfit and sportswear needs brown shoes, not black."

So R. W. was able to face the world again in his blue with the brown shoes.

What ARE they like—the "R. W.s" who write to the magazines about their dress problems?

The pocket size *Men Only* runs an advice column (in a section called "Guide to Elegant Living!") which is presumably the male equivalent of the letters from the lovelorn in the women's magazines.

(*P. E. S. of Swansea asks: "Will Ardil pyjamas wash andd ry overnight?" E. S. M. of Wolverhampton complains: "I have tried in vain to find nylon or Terylene detachable collars. . . .*")

ONCE the American magazine *Esquire* stood almost alone in depicting male fashions. Today almost all British magazines for men feature clothes.

Once a man would not admit to an interest in fashion. He knew nothing about the weight of cloth, cared little about style. If nagged, he went to his tailor and asked for "a new grey suit, like I usually have."

Today men will bully their tailors, argue about the length of a jacket and the number of vents in it, the width of trousers or lapels, the natty little ticket pockets. And their magazines, it seems, bully *THEM*.

There are features on the latest fashion trends. "The most popular fashion this autumn . . . the old Glen and club checks made up in soft-shouldered suits with slanting pockets and raised trousers seams. They will be worn with tweed or felt caps, suède chukkas, club ties and short, very short coats in lovat, camel or fawn."

AMONG its other contents *Men Only* provides "Answers to Wine Problems," provocative profiles of politicians and industrialists, hearty reminiscences of cricket, shooting and Rugby, racy cartoons and a Paris Letter which seems generally to be about striptease artists.

I imagine the magazine being read in wardrooms, messes and clubs by officers or ex-officers wearing blazers with regimental buttons (and of course brown shoes).

There are, in fact, only a handful of magazines for men (excluding the do-it-yourself, build-yourself-a-better-body and specialist periodicals). A trickle compared to the flood of women's magazines that deluges the bookstalls.

Newest of them, *Man About Town* edited by elegant John Taylor of the trade bible, *Tailor And Cutter*, was produced purely to cash in on and further the new clothes consciousness.

It has succeeded remarkably.

Taylor naturally devotes much space to clothes and speaks with all the authority of the Savile Row tailors who advertise in his book.

He can be benevolent: "For formal daytime wear—weddings, garden parties and summer race meetings—the morning coat ensemble is *de rigeur*. We are glad to observe the increasing prevalence of this dress on appropriate occasions."

He can be prophetic: "*The trend is for shorter jackets and yet for a Slimmer Look in men's clothes generally.*"

He can be damning. Taylor loves to ridicule a creature he calls a "Shmoe." The Shmoe is the cad who does up the bottom button of his waistcoat, wears his buttonhole flower in a metal watertight container and commits similar errors of taste.

R. W. would probably be labelled a Shmoe by Taylor for his ignorance. (Although he runs an advice and information bureau, he does not publish the letters.)

TAYLOR is a wit with a flippant style. His title page announcement: "*Man About Town* comes out every quarter and is edited by John Taylor who comes out next month." And the blurb: "Please recommend us to a friend. Ask him to do the same—and if the chain goes on unbroken for twenty-three moves we will have a circulation that vies with the *D . . ly M . r . r.* The man who breaks the chain is obviously a Shmoe or in the pay of the *D . . ly M . r . r.*"

All the articles (except possibly those dealing with clothes which are treated with due reverence) are written with similar undergraduate levity—"Making

NEXT MONTH INNOCENT ABROAD GOES

INNOCENT ABROAD . . .

. . . looks at the men's magazines and finds they're SO fussy over fashion. Only the shmoes *and* shlumps *don't care what the best-dressed reader is wearing*

THEY THINK ABOUT . . .

wine by the bucket," "How to prepare burnt food," "How to kiss a girl in a car," "Watch the waiter like a hawk," "How to be happy though bow-legged," "Drinking your way round the world. . . ."

Regularly it offers Savile Row suits as prizes.

I imagine the typical reader in Savile Row Edwardian suit with buttonhole flower and a curly brimmed bowler hailing a cab to take him to a West End restaurant for dinner with a haughty, but beautiful partner.

Lilliput also runs a clothes clinic. And has a word for the clot about clothes. It calls him "the shlump." A shlump wears the wrong hat for the shape of his face. He wears an old jersey beneath the waistcoat.

IT has pioneered intriguing new ways of modelling men's clothes. A man models hats and at the same time explains racecourse tic tac signals. Sweaters were modelling in a public house. Girls were used to model shirts.

Lilliput is a keen do-it-yourself paper and runs features on respraying cars, building dinghies and power tools. (Tools have also been offered in competitions). It covers motoring, sailing and golf regularly and its fiction often includes documentary-style Westerns.

I imagine its typical reader corduroy capped in a sports car that he maintains himself, on his way to Silverstone with golf clubs and a portable power drill in the boot.

The clothes column of the *Wide World*, "The True Adventure Magazine for Men" is rather more discursive and less dictatorial and I don't think John Taylor would endorse its recommendation of a patent collar supporter.

It disappoints me for another reason. To keep in line with the magazine's other contents, it should feature topees and shorts, parkas and climbing boots rather than lounge suits. (*"For men about jungles . . . bush hats will have wider bands of puggarree this monsoon. . . . What the well-dressed planter is wearing this year."*)

For its stories begin with words like these: "Stranded in Spanish Morocco without a peseta . . ." "In the early autumn of 1913 I was on my way out to Nigeria . . ." or "Suddenly there arose from the mirror-smooth water the great head of a crocodile."

Wide World has another vested interest in clothes. It runs a pen-pal organization called the Wide World Brotherhood and sells W.W.B. ties, W.W.B. mufflers and W.W.B. blazer badges. (Also W.W.B. car transfers, wall shields, pennants and envelope seals.)

I LIKE to imagine the typical reader of *Wide World* as a grizzled, retired planter sipping a Tom Collins on the veranda of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore. *But I suspect he is a spotty youth from a town hall office wearing a W.W.B. tie and muffler (and with a pennant on his bicycle) whose farthest travels have been to a youth hostel in Wales.*

The other magazines I have investigated still go their unfashionable way. *The Man* which is produced in Australia and *Clubman* are interested only in feminine fashions—swimsuits, sweaters, négligées and their contents. The standard of their stories and articles is not generally high by the standards of *Lilliput* and *Men Only*.

Clubman does run an unusual feature, "Bachelor Fare"—menus for men on their own.

I see these magazines being read in sergeants' messes and N.A.F.F.I.s. I imagine a typical reader as an army driver in oily denims sitting on the running board of his truck in the M.T. yard, a cigarette end behind his ear, thumbing through a greasy copy in search of pictures to join the collection pasted on the wall behind his bed in the barrack room.

THE English edition of *Esquire* unhappily died last July. (The American edition is still imported in restricted quantities. *Esquire* has published many great stories by the world's masters and has always been brilliantly written. But it was perhaps asking a lot of English men, even in their new clothes conscious state, to accept its campaign for rainbow-hued shorts to be worn to the office as part of business wear in summer. And the dazzling foulard ties, the jazzy sports shirts and the bright-banded straw hats of California and Florida still bring out all the innate conservatism of the British male.

But "Esquire's" readers can still be seen of course, gabardine-suited, with cameras slung around their necks, in the lounge of Grosvenor House Hotel in Park Lane. In long trousers. Not shorts.

—SUZANNE HOWARD

DOWN AMONG THE BEEFCAKE BOYS

LIFE ON A ZEBRA-SKIN RUG

EVE experiments with the new fur fabrics

WE TOOK two pretty girls, a flat (in London's famous White House block) and tried out a theory that the fabulous fur fabrics designed for leisure clothes would also make some pretty exciting loose covers for furniture

STUDIO COUCH above is covered with simulated Ocelot skin (from 42s. to 52s. a yard). Cushions are covered with Lister's glowing green velvet (22s. 6d. a yard), matching the curtains. Walls are painted broken white

SITTING-ROOM chairs and sofa are covered with black and white zebra-skin fabric (from 42s. a yard). On them, brilliant crimson and white-piped-with-red velvet cushions to match lamp shades and waste-basket

Fabric to order, from John Lewis, W.1

And my goodness—wouldn't Elinor Glyn
(of love-on-a-tigerskin-rug fame*)
be envious of this new furnishing idea!

*Ask Mama about 'Three Weeks' and other Glyn epics

EVE'S KNITTING EDITOR CHOOSES–

A PATTERN FROM PARIS

Couture look, simplicity of line—straight from the boulevards to your high street: they're *yours* to wear as a gay topnote to a plain sheath skirt, or a casual companion to off-duty jeans

MATERIALS : 7 oz. of Penguin Alpin 3-ply in White, 1 oz. in Grey, Light Blue, Yellow; 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles and a spare needle with points each end. *Measurements:* To fit a 36 to 37-in. bust size; length, 22 ins. *Tension:* 17 sts. and 22 rows to 2 ins. *Abbreviations:* K., knit; p., purl; st.st., stocking stitch, which is k. 1 row, p. 1 row alt.; rep., repeat; dec., decrease; inc., increase; foll., following; beg., beginning; tog., together; sl., slip; cont., continue; W., white; L., light blue; G., grey; Y., yellow.

NOTE : For the 34 to 35-in. bust size use No. 13 knitting needles. For the 38 to 39-in. bust size, No. 11 needles.

BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 154 sts. in W., and work in st.st. for 2 ins. Now dec. each end of next and every foll. 6th row until there are 142 sts. Cont. straight until work is $6\frac{3}{4}$ ins. from beg.

Inc. each end of next and every foll. 6th row until there are 162 sts. Cont. straight until work is $14\frac{3}{4}$ ins. from beg.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 3 sts. beg. of foll. 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then k. 2 tog. at beg. of each row 4 times (136 sts.).

When armhole measures 2 ins. from beg., inc. each end of the next and every foll. 6th row until there are 148 sts. Work straight until armhole measures 7¼ ins.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 22 rows. Work 8 rows on remaining sts., casting on 2 sts. at beg. of each row. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for Back, but with the addition of the coloured stripes which are worked as follows : after the first 18 rows in W., break wool. With right side of the work facing, join in G. and work the first half of the sts. in this colour, rejoin W. and work remaining half of row in W. .

Cont. in these two colours, working 1 st. less in W. and 1 more st. in G. on every row for a further 10 rows, making 11 rows in all. Then work a further 11 rows, working 1 st. more in W. and 1 st. less in G. on every row. Break grey wool. Work 6 rows in W. on all sts.

On the next row work the *first* half of the sts. in W., join in L. and work remaining half in L. Cont. in these two colours, always working 1 st. more in L. and 1 st. less in W., for 10 rows, making 11 in all. Then work 1 st. less in L. and 1 st. more in W. for a further 11 rows. Break light blue wool.

With 6 rows white in between, continue to work coloured stripes from alternate ends in the following order : another grey, then yellow, blue, grey, yellow, blue, grey. The last grey stripe should come into the shoulder shaping.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece under a damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Work hems for armholes. With the needle pointed at both ends, pick up 102 sts. evenly all round armhole.

With No. 12 needles and white wool and the right side of the work facing : *1st row:* *K. 4, k. twice into next st.*; repeat from * to * twice, k. 34, k. twice into each of next 2 sts., k. 35, k. twice into next st., k. 4, k. twice into next st., k. 4, k. twice into next st., k. 5.

2nd row: P.

3rd row: K. 4, k. twice into next st., k. 5, k. twice into next st., k. 5, k. twice into next st., k. 35, k. twice into next st., k. 2, k. twice into next st., k. 36, k. twice into next st., k. 5, k. twice into next st., k. 5, k. twice into next st., k. 5.

4th row: As 2nd row.

5th row: K. 4, k. twice into next st., k. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 36, k. twice into next st., k. 4, k. twice into next st., k. 37, k. twice into next st., k. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 5.

6th row: As 2nd row.

Work 2 rows in st.st., cast off. Repeat for other armhole.

Sew up side seams. Turn up ¾-in. hem round bottom of tunic. Turn in hems round each armhole. Turn in the shaped hem round neck. Press seams and hems.

DASHING SIR DOUGLAS

(Continued from page 15)

off the social coup of the post-war era by entertaining, at a private dinner party at 28. The Boltons, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret.

A newspaper-man got hold of the story, together with the impressive guest list. This, in Buckingham Palace circles, isn't cricket, and the Duke was especially annoyed by the publicity.

Royal etiquette being what it is, the Fairbanks had to suffer in silence. They could not protest they were not responsible for the news leak. Nor could they deny "jealousy" stories by pointing out that this one night did not create a precedent, and in fact the Royal Family quite frequently dine out in London among their friends.

The same sort of unreasoning jealousy has plagued the Fairbanks in America, where he is chided for being a frequent visitor to the White House, and for "hob-nobbing with British Royalty."

FAIRBANKS likes to describe his U.S. diplomatic work as simply the result that he is a "50-cents-a-year-man" for the government; but he denies that he is angling for a more substantial title.

To Albert Ruben, the noted American columnist, who pressed for a more definite explanation, Fairbanks said : "I was offered a foreign service job before the war, but I didn't accept because I couldn't afford it. There are too many people dependent on me—I have too many obligations. So I gratified my interest in diplomatic work by cooking up some jobs for myself, keeping in close touch with the Embassy and doing what I can for them."

Doug gets his genuine interest in social and diplomatic work from an old friend, Thomas G. Patten, head of a shipping line, lecturer on political and economy.

Doug's own schooling had been interrupted because of schooldays' film-work and his mother's separation from Doug Senr., so he went to Patten for private coaching.

THE same sort of split background resulted in Doug's unsuccessful first marriage. His similarity to his father extends to their both having wed under highly romantic circumstances. In both cases columnists were moved to lyricize about "perfect" marriages. Both alliances—the elder Fairbanks with Mary Pickford, and his son's with Joan Crawford—ended in divorce.

Father and son again married, Senior for the third time, Junior for the second. This time both selected wealthy socialites to be their brides. The father married Lady Sylvia Ashley, afterwards Mrs. Clark Gable.

Three years later, in 1939, Doug Jnr. married Mary Lee Hartford, whose first husband had been George Huntington Hartford, at one time known as the world's richest playboy. It is for Doug and Mary a very happy marriage; the nursery floor at 28 The Boltons is one of the most luxurious portions of the mansion.

Arising from his diplomatic and international work, Doug holds innumerable honours, titles, and what the Americans usually call "an honorary British knighthood."

There is nothing "honorary" about it, as Doug was given the K.B.E. for his many public services. The motto beneath his coat of arms is "*Faith, Effort and Loyalty.*" If he were a British citizen, it would be correct to call the Fairbanks "Sir Douglas and Lady Fairbanks." As American citizens it is merely courtesy (but inaccurate) to use this title.

But it is unfair to call the Fairbanks "knighthood" honorary, as if it were of less value, or like an "honorary" university degree that does not have to be worked for.

The true position is that the K.B.E., although called honorary for a foreigner, is not so. A foreigner awarded such an honour is expected to owe the same loyalty to the particular Order of Chivalry he has been admitted to, just as any Briton would do. But he does not officially receive the Sovereign's accolade, which ceremonially binds him in political allegiance to the Queen.

Doug himself deprecates any discussion about his "knighthood." Some Americans might accuse him of being a snob for having the "Sir" in front of his name, while we British might accuse him of not appreciating the honour if he doesn't use it. It is one of those situations where you're dammed if you do and damned if you don't. Fairbanks himself says it is like "Opening up a can o' peas" . . . an Americanism which means the less said the better.

WHETHER Knight or not, Fairbanks works hard. He is at the TV studios by eight in the morning. Under union rules the "shooting" day ends at six twenty with a slight relaxation twice a week when it finishes at five fifty.

But Fairbanks works in his First National office until seven or eight, and dinner at The Boltons is seldom before nine.

In a recent televised "Movie Museum," shots were seen of Doug in his Joan Crawford days, and fans were gratified to see that he does not appear to have aged at all. Has he found the secret of perpetual youth?

On this he has no secret : "I suppose," he says, "there are too many facets to what may laughingly be called my 'character.' I was born with too many vitamins and more energy than I have a right to have . . ."

My son John?

"It's my bonkerstop," he said. "Your WHAT?" I asked. "My bonkerstop, Daddy. . . ."

So you too, have fallen for My son John! This month, turn to page 37 for another instalment by Cameron Yorke.

Hooray

by ARTHUR W. JACOBS

Only things we share are the roof, her TV and the bathroom

THE question is sometimes asked: *Are mothers-in-law people?* As it's Christmas time let us take what some would call an extravagant view and assume that they are.

I wonder who first thought of that tattered wedding cliché—those words of comfort to the lovers' mothers: "You're not losing a daughter you're gaining a son?"

Why is it that no one says to the bride and 'groom: "You're gaining a mother"? Is it because marriage signifies the breaking of childhood's parental ties and at such times mothers (and fathers) are not much wanted—except for paying the wedding bill.

The psychiatrists probably have an explanation of it. And I bet it's not half so simple as the truth which is simply that young lovers want to be alone.

But it is obvious that this kind of comfort to a mother who is about to become an in-law is of the worst possible kind. You can see the danger. Instead of resigning herself to letting her offspring go his or her way, the woman thinks, "*Not losing . . . no, not really . . . not at all, in fact . . . gaining, eh? . . . I suppose so, in a way . . . why yes, of course. . . .*"

And before the newlyweds have had time for their first quarrel the in-laws are there helping them towards it with the best intentions in the world. It nearly always *is* good intentioned, you know. The in-laws start out wanting others to profit by their experience.

VERY often they do know better than the newlyweds about domestic matters. if they didn't, a quarter of a century or so of married life would seem to have taught them nothing.

But it's that quarter of a century which causes the trouble. It's long enough for them to have forgotten how much they resented advice during what should be an adventurous period of finding out.

I have no mother-in-law grouse myself. My mother-in-law is the kind of woman who, if she had gone west, would have become sheriff of Dodge City or the first woman president of the United States.

We all live in the same house. But the roof is the only thing we share—except for the bathroom and her television. She has her own sitting-room, bedroom and kitchen. It sometimes happens that I don't see her for days or weeks.

This is not by design. She chooses to lead a busy life and I have to, so our activities take us in and out of the house

for Mothers-in-law

ESPECIALLY FOR ONE LIKE MINE!

● Lampshades apart (she sold ours to raise money for a charity) we get along very well. Out West they would have made her U.S. President or sheriff of Dodge City

like a French farce—missing each other all the time.

Our introduction to each other was rather unusual. I was sick in her newly decorated sitting-room the first time we met. Not because I didn't like the look of her. The simple explanation is that I was stupidly young and had had too much to drink—before I met her.

Although I hadn't learnt how to drink properly my mother-in-law had learnt enough about it to be reasonably tolerant. I thought there was a suspicion of smoke from her nostrils as I reeled out of the room with the aplomb of Walt Disney's Goofy.

That may have been my imagination. But it is a fact that my extra-mural activity has never been mentioned by my mother-in-law from that day—twenty years ago—to this.

Of course, that is the only civilized attitude to adopt and one I encourage in respect of any of my misdemeanours. But such an opportunity at the command of the wrong type of mother-in-law and I might never have been allowed to forget it. As it is, I can recall it with a certain amount of amusement.

WELL, how true is the music hall conception of mothers-in-law? Thinking around my friends—and asking some of them—I can't trace a single intruding in-law.

I once listened to the trial of a young man who solved his mother-in-law problem with a bayonet. His counsel argued that the verdict ought to be one of manslaughter and not murder. It appeared that the victim had been of the interfering type.

Rejecting this plea, the judge said: "If young men who hate their mothers-in-law can commit murder and have the verdict reduced to manslaughter mothers-in-law might be in a very dangerous position." This judicial statement was rather sweeping. It implies that *most* mothers-in-law are of the potential murder victim type.

In fact they are in a minority. But sometimes a young man is convinced that his mother-in-law is going to run true to the worst form. So he takes no chances.

A man I know told me, "*When I was first married I used to duck out of the back door when my mother-in-law came in at the front. When my wife called out to me in the garage or wherever I was escaping the visiting ogre I used to pretend not to hear. If she left any of her home-made cakes or pastry I wouldn't touch it. But I did get to know her eventually. I quit running and found she was a very lovable person and fun to be with.*"

When you think of it this is not such an astonishing discovery. This man had found those same attractions in his young wife presumably or he would not have fallen in love with her. Is it so unlikely then that the woman who bore her should have similar qualities?

But let us not blithely assume that all mothers-in-law are misjudged. There can be no doubt that some of them are a menace.

If they weren't trying to run their married children's homes they would be trying to run their neighbours'. Some of them probably find time to fit in this extra social service anyway.

How big a part does this type play in causing friction in the married home?

A man who is expert on this subject is Mr. Joseph Brayshaw of the Marriage Guidance Council. According to him a fifth of broken marriages are due to parental influence.

This may not be wholly in-law trouble. The council's records on this point include the effects of parental influence in childhood which crop up in later life. But it still makes the in-law factor a serious one for young couples.

The postwar housing difficulty enlarged it. So many young people had—and have—to live with their parents.

Nowadays many wives go out to work too. Even if your in-laws are model ones don't—says Mr. Brayshaw—get into the habit of letting mother-in-law invite you regularly to have your evening meal with the parents. It limits further what privacy there is and increases dependence on the parents—which should be over.

WITH an audience of in-laws, the newlyweds can't even have a quiet row. This is one of the most serious features of the housing shortage because it sabotages the future of a family.

Yet the mother-in-law problem is largely a symptom of our time. In Victorian days of much larger, closer-knit families, help with the children from the older people was something to be grateful for.

And it was a time of less change in domestic methods and habits. Mother's ways were those of her mother, and daughters saw nothing wrong with them.

But today, with every generation being brought up under new ideas, with a rapidly changing world and a more educated people, what was good enough for mother is not necessarily good enough for daughter. But mother doesn't always realize that.

Let us look at today from the mother-in-law's point of view. Most families now tend to consist of the parents and one or two children. And people marry younger.

This means that instead of being concerned with growing children until quite late in life, as was once the case, a mother today may find her children grown-up and ready to leave home while she is only in middle life.

The best mothers sometimes make the worst mothers-in-law these days. For years they have put the children first and pushed every other interest aside.

Then, suddenly it seems, the children are grown up. Such mothers feel the void most acutely when the children leave. They have nothing else to fill their lives.

What can be done about it? Mr. Brayshaw's advice to young mothers is: "*Develop some interest outside the home—politics, drama, music, needlework, painting—anything which interests them.*"

IF there is some outside interest it can be expanded and help to fill the gap when family ties come to an end. It is easier to expand an existing interest than to take up a new one in middle life.

An exception is my mother-in-law. Although, at seventy, she doesn't play much ice-hockey, she recently took up lampshade making as a change from virtually "painting" on silk with needle and coloured threads.

The house is gradually filling again with most exquisite lampshades—each of which takes several days to make.

I say "again" because the build-up had been going on for months previous to the family holiday. Each of the two children had a new mother-in-law made shade to their bedside lamps.

Then we went away. When we came back there wasn't a lampshade in the house. The children had bare bulbs, too.

When I said, "What goes on?" my wife told me her mother had run a lampshade stall at the local hospital fête. She made such vast sums with her "stock" of shades that she sold up the house fittings as well.

The thing to do at such times is shrug and look aloft. I did.

But we're getting back to normal again now.

In America they have really investigate this problem of in-laws. In a pretty extensive survey of married couples the mothers-in-law came in for the most criticism. They were responsible for one fifth of all complaints about in-laws generally. "Meddlesomeness, interference and domination," summed up the grouses.

Brothers-in-law were most generally described as "incompetent, irresponsible and dependent."

As a potential father-in-law I am looking forward to fulfilling the rôle of an "*ineffectual, failing to be the competent person his children-in-law can be proud to claim as their own. Old fashioned. Resists change. Jabbers incessantly.*"

My wife says I'm halfway there. She'd better be kidding.

FIRST TOUR

SUDDENLY AN ANGRY CROWD

The hours of waiting were the worst. Somewhere in the forest David was in danger

by GEOFFREY HORNE

THE voyage was like a dream—a long succession of lazy days and tropical nights, velvet, star-studded, with the broad track of the moon on the calm, phosphorescent water.

Now, from the rail, she could see a long line of olive-green, fronted with a belt of sand and cleft by the broad mouth of a river. They nosed slowly through the tumbling surf on the bar, the land closing in on them, the river cutting a brown muddy swath into the blue ocean.

Huts woven from leaves clustered under the waving crowns of palm trees, and canoes, driving from the shore, were all about the ship. Black paddlers, naked except for strips of cloth round their loins, shouted, scavenging for tins and bottles, diving for pennies.

The land rose into a hillock in the middle of the swamps and there was a wharf, backed by sheds of corrugated-iron, with the names of trading firms in large, white letters on the roofs and a Union Jack flying from a mast.

He was looking down at her, saying, "We transfer to a coaster here."

NATIVE stevedores congregated at the bottom of the accommodation ladder, and a police-constable, ebony, stared up at her, his teeth sparkling in a grin.

A young man was moving business-like along the deck, halting in front of them. "Aire, sir?" and when David nodded, "I've transport waiting. This is for you."

David took the long, official envelope and the young man stood, half-smiling at her. She heard the tearing and rustle of paper, and then her husband's angry tones. "What does this mean? My posting wasn't to Ntefiri. I've finished with that."

Later sitting by the desk in the Resident's office, greetings over, the Resident said: "I'm sorry, Aire. I did what I could."

David said, "I shouldn't have brought my wife, if I'd known this."

The Resident was weary, sympathetic. "I know. You've had enough of it up there. They said you couldn't be spared from Ntefiri now."

"All my career I've been in the bush. There are men who've never left the large towns."

"I did what I could," the Resident said.

"Yes. Thank you."

"They took your wife to my house? I'll be glad to have you for as long as you care to stay. You don't need to rush away so far as I'm concerned."

They could see the river from their bedroom, and it was raining heavily, the sun hidden behind a thick pall of unbroken cloud. A little ship angled away from the wharf and turned, and set course for the sea. David said, "We should have been on that."

FOR eighty miles, on their way through the forests, they passed no settlements except an occasional village.

His division was large—four thousand square miles of it, with a single earth-surfaced main road. They arrived in the late afternoon, driving through a village where the natives—flat-nosed, thick-lipped men, thin, careworn women and naked, swollen-bellied children—rushed out of the huts to look at them. Beyond, after a belt of trees, a clearing was hacked out of the vegetation. On one side of the road were the offices, a tumbledown hospital for natives, a barracks for the police-contingent, a small prison, the staff huts; on the other, built back, separated by a border of muddy, sparse grass, three bungalows for the Europeans.

A man, bowed, his mackintosh hanging on him, was standing on the veranda of the office, and when he saw the lorry he came out into the road and waved. She was surprised at the difference between

(*Continued on page 75*)

OF NATIVES WERE POURING INTO THE COMPOUND . . .

FASHION edited by ANNE de COURCY • Photographs by George Miles

Opposite: Pringle's cashmere golfer, tawny gold, red or blue, about £8 5s., Simpsons of Piccadilly; Cripps, Liverpool. Partner is Mosbrook's "blanket" skirt in white, tawny and brown checks, about £3 10s., Selfridges, Oxford Street; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. Braemar's long-look twin set, many colours, £7 7s., Gieves, Bond Street; Maxwelle Originals tweed skirt, £4 5s., leading stores

Above: Toplet's black wool jersey, trimmed with satin and sequins. Forty other colours, trimmed with either black, white, or orchid satin; about £5, Fenwicks of Bond Street; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Circular skirt by Wisco; deep anthracite grey poult decorated with white flowers outlined and stalked in black flocking. £3 19s. 6d., Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street; Finnigans, Manchester

DO YOU GO FOR A SWEATER?

Above left: Angela Gore's washable white Estalaine shirt; £2 5s., Neatawear branches; Gor-Rayne skirt; £4 14s. 6d., leading stores. Right: Dina, by London Pride, in candy-checked Viyella; £3 15s. 9d., Dickins & Jones, Regent Street. Windsmoor skirt; £2 12s. 6d., D. H. Evans, Oxford Street; Fenwicks, Newcastle

Opposite: Eric Hart's Terylene blouse, in white, black, pale blue, pink or gold, trimmed with Terylene bows, is a fragile beauty, £6 2s. 6d. from Bentalls, Kingston. Shown with Cherry's swirling black skirt of lace over taffeta (also in red, green or blue under the black lace). £5 10s., Fifth Avenue, Regent Street

. . . OR PREFER A SHIRT?

MRS. PETER THORNEYCROFT—ex-fashion writer

LONDON SETS A NEW

THE FAIRY DESIGN FOR

American buyers used to by-pass their shows—until Lady Pamela asked them to her party

by ROSALIE SMITH

WHEN Lady Pamela Berry decided to set a new pace for the sluggardly British fashion industry, she threw a party.

Astonished American buyers, who usually by-passed London on their way to the Paris shows, found themselves inside one of the most exclusive homes in England—No. 11 Downing Street—mingling with cabinet ministers, dukes and ambassadors.

Next season the all-important buyers were at the Mansion House, complete with all the gold plate and Douglas Fairbanks.

Now Lady Pamela, President of the Incorporated Society of Fashion Designers, and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, are the champions of a new drive by the British fashion industry.

Paris, of course, will always be ahead. Fashion there is of national importance and couturiers are backed by the textile trade, and subsidized by the government, which is more than grateful for the dollar revenue that pours in as a result of the frills and furbelows dreamed up by the couturiers twice a year.

As British couturiers are backed by nobody at all, least of all by the government, it is astonishing how these two have managed to drive and wheedle the industry, and the emotionally indecisive couturiers, into becoming a vital and profitable part of Britain's economy.

Lady Pamela is the fourth President of of the Incorporated Society. Her party was a simple but amazingly successful idea to attract the buyers. "I thought we'd show them we could put on a display as grand as the Paris couturiers' salons, chandeliers and champagne," she told me.

She took over Lancaster House for the first private party to be held there since 1913, and persuaded almost the entire cabinet to leave the debate on the Geneva Conference and to look at pretty dresses instead. She organized a show on ITV, and, with a keen appreciation of her new audience, invited Stirling Moss and Anna Neagle to come along. She was the driving force behind the admission of Associate Members to the Incorporated Society, based, in a small way, on the French Chambre Syndicale. The best British hairdressers, corsetiers, milliners, shoemakers, hosiers, etc., are elected as Associate Members, so that they can collaborate with the top fashion houses to produce a complete fashion picture, instead of introducing conflicting ideas to a bewildered public. *The result is that fashion can reach the woman in the street quickly and more cheaply—and even her hairstyle and her shoes will harmonize with the new line.*

While Lady Pamela is driving and encouraging the couturiers—("they say I work them far too hard")—Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft is encouraging the fashion and textile industry. She is almost indefatigable, touring factories all over Britain, attending endless fashion shows and conferring with designers and manufacturers. She probably knows more about what the fashion industry in this country is thinking and planning than anyone else.

LIKE Lady Pamela, she is more than just an energetic figurehead "standing in" for her husband. She advises and criticizes. She encouraged the shoe designers to launch the new pointed shoes, because she had seen them in Italy and had a hunch they would catch on here. She was behind the idea of making cheap fur look expensive—and wore the first coney coat which looked like seal, thus making fake fur socially acceptable. "It only cost around £80 and looked like £400, which I couldn't possibly afford," she said to me.

Both these women are married, run large houses and have children. I went to see Lady Pamela in her Queen Anne house in Westminster, where she lives during the week. She also has a house in the country for weekends and holidays where the children spend their time when not at school. The walls of the panelled

PACE IN THE RUSH TO CHALLENGE PARIS

GODMOTHERS WITH A THE FASHION MEN

LADY PAMELA BERRY—"awe-inspiring"

drawing-room where I talked with her are covered with pictures by Gainsborough, Sickert and Degas among others.

Lady Pamela came in wearing a white and black silk dress, beautifully cut—tall, dark-haired, with a strikingly pale skin. The strangest thing about her are her eyes, which are deep brown and enormous. They are alert and intelligent eyes. The daughter of F. E. Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, she has inherited her father's quick mind and devastating wit.

She is married to the late Lord Camrose's younger son, the Hon. Michael Berry, editor in chief of the *Daily Telegraph*, and has four children. She is a little awe-inspiring, as beautiful women with almost masculine minds tend to be, and I imagine her success with the couturiers is because even the most successful of them is just a little bit awe-struck, too.

I asked her whether being President wasn't too much work in addition to a husband, two houses and four children.

"I enjoy it," she said. "It takes a bit of organizing because I have to do everything myself. The Society only has one tiny little office and one girl.

"WE'VE done an immense amount by boosting British fabrics, and getting the designers and the textile industry to work together. The main thing is that the American buyers love coming here now. *And they don't just come for the parties, they place orders as well.* That's why the parties are so valuable—the buyers feel they mustn't miss such an obviously grand occasion. The buyers are all important because the couturiers cannot possibly live on their private clientele—I can only afford one or two couture dresses each season."

Mrs. Thorneycroft lives in a large, Regency house in Chester Square. When I met her she was wearing a blue silk dress, looked as though she had stepped out of a band-box. "This is the last week of the collections and I hardly know whether I'm coming or going. Next week we go to the constituency—then off to Italy for two months," she said.

She is the daughter of Count Ravenna and was brought up in Italy, although her mother is American, of Scottish descent. After living in Italy during the war, she settled in London in 1946 and joined the staff of a fashion magazine. "I knew nothing about journalism, but was always passionately interested in fashion.

"I buy my clothes, like most women, from the wholesalers—I think they are quite wonderful. Cheap clothes over here are even better than in America—the only things that are not good here are cheap hats, but then no one seems to wear hats now."

Even if her husband goes out of office, Carla Thorneycroft is not a woman to sit back and do nothing. She is interested in welfare work, and is a trained nurse.

"I genuinely like to know what is going on in the fashion world and who is making what," she said. "Besides, I think that it is valuable to go round these factories representing my husband—they get to know then that the Board of Trade is human and interested and not just another branch of the civil service in Whitehall."

Lady Pamela and Mrs. Thorneycroft were great friends before they found themselves working side by side—almost by pure chance. Lady Pamela was an obvious choice as President of the Incorporated Society—just at the time when Peter Thorneycroft was in charge at the Board of Trade.

Neither Mrs. Thorneycroft nor Lady Pamela Berry are social dilettantes. They have the culture of the traditional aristocracy and use their background and taste to be patrons of a twentieth-century industry.

My son John . . .

IT was raining. . . . The garden was a morass of mud and stones.

Disheartened, I wiped my shoes and went indoors. Then I saw him.

He was on his knees. His arms were moving like pistons up and down, round and round across the floor. In his hands was a glass jar filled with rags.

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"What on earth are you doing?" I asked. "*Polishing*," he said.

"Really," I said. "And what's that you're using?" "*My bonkerstop*," he said. "Your what?"—"*My bonkerstop*."

He went on polishing. I decided that whatever a bonkerstop might be it kept him out of mischief, and walked towards the door. Suddenly my feet slid beneath me. I grabbed frantically for the doorknob . . . and missed. The face looked down at me with reproof.

"*Daddy*," *he said*, "*that's my polish you've stepped on and I haven't bonkerstopped it yet.*"

"Damn your bonkerstop," I said. "What about my back? Put it away before you kill somebody."

I limped to the sitting-room.

Seconds later I heard my wife run through the hall. I heard the kitchen door open . . . I shouted: "Careful . . ."

There was silence then a crash. I knew she was bonkerstoppered too.

I put her to bed. When the doctor arrived he said: "Now tell me what happened."

I said, "She was bonkerstoppered."

"I think perhaps I would prefer to see the patient alone," he said.

Not long afterwards he came downstairs. She was badly bruised. She was also suffering from a mild form of shock, he said.

"By the way," he added, "what did you say happened?"

"She was bonkerstoppered," I said. I pointed to the little glass jar which now reposed in the hall. "That's a bonkerstop. My son polishes the floor with it."

"Does he?" he said.

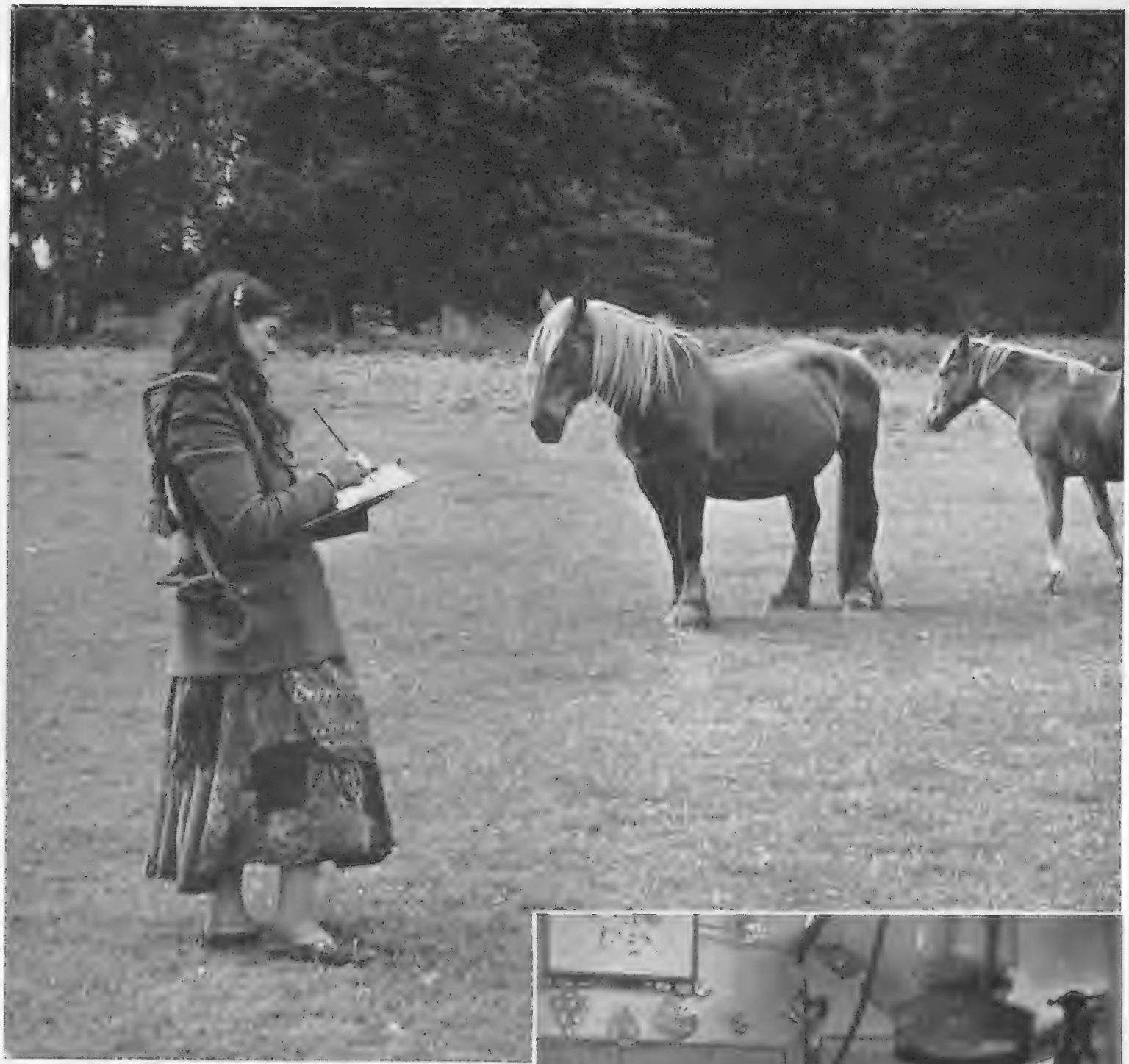
He put his foot on the doormat and opened the door.

The mat slid backwards. The doctor shot forwards through the doorway and into the drive.

I saw him gingerly walking towards his car.

He was muttering: "*Bonkerstop* . . . Odd, odd, but most effective. *Bonkerstop*. Extraordinary!"

Sharply I turned towards the kitchen. And skating towards it I shouted . . . JOHN!



JUANITA IN HER WORLD OF HORSES

She was born the black-haired, black-eyed daughter of travelling gipsies. As a child she was adopted into a conventional home, educated at "good" schools. But her Romany blood and wild passion for horses drew her back to the life of the gipsies. Now she lives with her artist husband, Sven Berlin, and their small son in a caravan in the New Forest. And always there are the horses—strange, fiery half-ghost horses leaping from paintings, drawings and etchings. When Juanita held an exhibition in London, R.A.s were startled by her work. She has been commissioned by the B.B.C. to write "Stallion Eternity—a gipsy's tribute to the horse" for a 45-minute programme

THE GIPSY GIRL WHO STARTLED THE R.A.s . . .

A sketch book in the forest—or a drawing room wall—is a canvas for her strange. leaping horses

ROMANY BABY . . .

Jasper was a baby when his parents made a trek across England by caravan—with their horses, goats and dogs —to settle for a gipsy's life in the forest. But there are lessons even for a boy who roams as free as the wild brown ponies

JUANITA—GIPSY GIRL WHO STARTLED

A brilliant career is forecast for

the Romany painter, writes DENYS VAL BAKER

Cooking for the family in the forest. Juanita's husband Sven, is an artist and sculptor who shares her love of horses

HORSES are in Juanita Berlin's blood and heart and bones. They fill her days and haunt her nights, more real than human beings and infinitely more beautiful and gracious and lovable.

Like a true Romany she feels towards them the affinity of brotherhood. As a child she can remember, vividly, fondling the glossy mane of a throughbred stallion, Robert the Devil—"all shining and nervous and beautiful as God"—and thinking: "Perhaps this is my father, in whom I am well pleased."

But unlike most other Romanies, whose strange, instinctive powers are expended as elusively as the wind on the heath, Juanita's passion for horses is so powerful that it spills out in a stream of paintings and drawings and etchings, terrifying in the tremulous way in which they balance midway between vivid reality and ghostly nightmare.

As if that were not enough, thirty-year-old Juanita has recently turned to writing, evocating with words the same startling images, producing work so striking that she has been commissioned by the B.B.C. to write *Stallion Eternity — a gipsy's tribute to the Horse.* The producer thinks this forty-five minute programme will make radio history.

Who is Juanita? She never knew her parents—only that they were travelling gipsies. Her mother was an Irish tinker. She was adopted, through the Foundling Hospital, London, by an elderly and conventional couple who set out to give her a "good" education at the right schools.

Never was there to be a clearer proof of the old saying—"*once a gipsy, always a gipsy.*" Living in the country, Juanita often encountered "travellers," and she was startled at the jumble of feelings that rose in her.

She found herself wanting to spend all her time with the gipsies in their roadside encampments; and though, on the surface, it seemed to be the subject of horses that provided the mutual interest, she sensed something deeper in her blood.

At the age of twelve, the scrawny child with an almost Roedean accent—but the long black hair and black eyes of a Romany—dragged from an uncle the secret of her background. She was both horrified and intrigued. To make sure, she went to visit an old gipsy woman, renowned for her knowledge of Romany lore.

"The old woman looked at me for a long time, then she nodded and laughed, and told me to take off my shoes and show her my hands and feet. I have rather curious feet, and wrinkled hands . . . the old woman said that from them alone she could tell I was one of them."

For years this revelation affected Juanita deeply: she felt for ever balanced on a fence—tugged at on the one hand by heredity, on the other by the conventional world of her adopted parents.

YET through all these perplexities there ran, strong and enduring, her natural love of horses. Her uncle had a stable of fine thoroughbreds, and on these she used to ride the country lanes of Dorset. It was then that she met the Dorset novelist, T. F. Powys, one of the famous Powys literary family—a luck encounter, for not only did Theodore bestow on her the nickname Juanita (after a young lioness he had once seen), he also wrote her many wise and helpful letters about life and writing.

But it was another, younger man, who was finally to help Juanita. This was Sven Berlin, the sculptor and painter, at that time working among a group of talented young artists with studios in St. Ives, Cornwall.

Sven was no Romany, but artists belong to the same world as the gipsies, knowing no frontiers of class or convention; and it was Sven, so naturally dedicated to his own art, who showed the way to Juanita. She realized that she must answer the call of her blood and she chose the way of the Romany—allied in her case to the way of the artist.

Soon afterwards Juanita and Sven married. For a time they lived in a remote farmstead in the Penwith hills of Cornwall, and it was there that their little son, Jasper, was born.

BUT Cornwall is not a land for the horseman, and before long Sven and Juanita painted up their gipsy caravan, gathered together their brood of horses and goats and dogs, and set off with Jasper on a two miles an hour journey across the open roads of southern England.

That journey ended when they reached the deep green glades of the New Forest, where at last Juanita felt happy and at home. Here, where the wild brown ponies run free, she has come to fruition both as a woman and an artist.

Here in the Forest, in their gipsy home near Lyndhurst, while little Jasper runs among the trees and Sven works on series of vivid paintings of the Forest people, Juanita takes her sketchbook and goes off to draw the horses she loves so passionately. Sometimes—increasingly of late—she puts away the sketchbook and

THE R.A.s . . .

takes up a pen, writing with the same furious speed and passion with which she attacks a painting.

"This link in love for horses is what I find so moving. From the Chinese whose love for horses shines from the dust, earlier still, to the early men who drew horses in the caves, horses of magic and death and love. . . . The painters, long dead and dust, the horses still living on rocks or canvas, silk or wood, the link between—*love*. These are the things that shake my hand and fill me with wonder and urgency when I paint or write about horses.

"The long-dead painters smile and the long-dead horses walk out from the ages, immortal. The love of men like Alexander towards the black Bucephalus, the love of the wicked Tamburlaine towards 'my Golden Shadow,' his big yellow horse, the love of unknown men to unknown horses, this is the inspiration I have today."

JUANITA'S inspiration was revealed at her recent exhibition at the Berkeley Galleries, London.

It often seems that her straining, leaping, fiery horses are jumping out of their frames. Passion and movement, life and spirit, these are the fundamental qualities of everything that Juanita draws or paints. If, as a painter, she is confined by choosing a single subject—then at least her vision is intensified triumphantly.

Not long ago Vaughan Williams, grand old man of English music, visited Juanita in her Forest home : they found a natural affinity in their common love for the old ways of life, the simple truths of primitive people.

Juanita is using some of Williams's Fifth Symphony in her radio programme : perhaps some of the gipsy lore she told him will be incorporated in one of her future composition.

Today, Juanita seems on the threshold of a brilliant career as a painter of horses. Already she is becoming impatient with small canvases. She longs to do great murals.

RECENTLY she was invited to draw a horse on the wall of a Kensington drawing-room. She was delighted : for two hours she shut herself in the room with a step-ladder, brushes and some pots of household paints. When she stepped down, the wall was alive with the living, steaming, snorting portrait of Godolphin, one of the original sires of the English racehorse. The portrait measured about six feet long by four feet deep and is the envy of all the owner's friends.

But the paintings and the writings are not, to Juanita herself, the end, only the means.

She feels she has a mission in her life, to capture the tie between the horse and the gipsy, two brothers in blood, and to do so before the machines take over and the horse is labelled in zoos as an "extinct specimen."

Whether the mission succeeds or fails, Juanita follows it with such passion and talent that her work will last—like the cave drawings she so much admires—for a very long time.

EVE: a Statement of Policy

You seem to be in good company when you read Britannia and *EVE*. In the last few months the magazine's sales have soared. Who are these new readers?

They are the architect's wife; the doctor's wife; the executive's wife—and the business-woman. We know this from the warm letters received every month from this sparkling array of newcomers.

Nothing succeeds like success. And the new EVE *is* successful. Why? We believe it is because—for the first time—a magazine is being specifically produced FOR THE WOMAN WITH A MIND OF HER OWN.

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You will find no "huff, puff and guff" in Britannia and EVE. Nor do we pretend to cater for the lowest common denominator.

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CHEESE SUPREME!

[*EVE'S GUIDE TO THE WORLD'S MOST VERSATILE FOOD . . .*]

WHAT is the most dismal sight in any British restaurant? The Cheese Board. *A pathetic heel of Bel Paese; a sunken, shrivelled piece of Camembert—and a chunk of dried-out Cheddar flung in for those who dare to ask for British cheeses. Why do we take delight in underrating anything "British" and praise others just because* they're French or Italian? *Our farmhouse cheeses are famous all over the world for their superlative quality and delicate aroma. For centuries admired by connoisseurs, sung by Shakespeare, they have crowned many a memorable meal. Here is the most versatile food, it can be eaten any hour of the day, it's extremely economical, and excellent value for money. Yet we just take it all for granted. To go with cheese—try Henekeys Unique Port, Partners' Port by Sandeman or, more traditionally, beer—perhaps Flowers Brewmaster, strong but sweeter than most to suit feminine taste. To help you in your choice, we have compiled a quick-reference guide.*

Storage note: *Keep them in a cool place—NOT in a refrigerator—in a polythene bag with a loose cover.*

Chart by David Bate

CHEESE	COLOUR	TEXTURE	FLAVOUR	KEEPS CUT	EATING AND DRINKING GUIDE
CAERPHILLY	White	Close, flaky, short	Mild, bland	Few days	After lamb, or with pickled walnuts. Good with salads, celery. Medium dry white wine such as hock.
CHEDDAR	White. Red	Close. Smooth	Clean, mellow	7 days	Goes well with most dishes. Fondue with crisp fried bread fingers for "dunking." Light claret, light port or beer.
CHESHIRE	White. Deep yellow	Loose, flaky	Mild, mellow	7 days	After fish. Grilled on bread fingers sprinkled with paprika. Beer.
	Blue		Rich, piquant		Cocktail snacks with pineapple, in salads. Light claret, light port.
DERBY	White	Smooth, even	Clean, mild	7 days	Fruit, apple pie, roasted chestnuts. Ruby port completes the evening.
DORSET BLUE VINNY	Blue	Crumbly	Strong, rich	10 days	Nothing with a strong flavour. Brown bread and butter. Anchovy toast with Vinny crumbled on the top. Tawny port.
DOUBLE GLOUCESTER	Red	Smooth, close	Mellow, rich	7 days	With York ham for breakfast. Can be matched with almost any good English traditional dish. Beer or claret.
LANCASHIRE	White	Loose, flaky, softish	Clean, mild, mellow	Few days	Traditional toasting cheese. After chicken, with apple pie, or in sandwiches with beetroot. A light, dry, red wine.
LEICESTER	Red	Loose, flaky	Clean, full	Few days	Dessert cheese. Excellent with mixed salad of lettuce, chopped white cabbage, celery, red/green peppers, soupçon of garlic, endives, tomatoes. Claret.
STILTON	White	Open, flaky	Clean, mild	Few days	Used for "English Monkey," a kind of fondue. With bramble jelly. Ruby port.
	Blue		Rich, mellow		After roast beef. A dessert cheese. Tawny or vintage port.
WENSLEYDALE	White	Medium close	Clean, mild	7 days	Christmas cake, apple pie, on hot buttered toast, mixed with spices and tomatoes, or with banana. Hock.
	Blue	Soft, flaky	Rich, sweet, creamy		
DUNLOP	White	Smooth, close	Mild, creamy	Few days	Good for toasting. With bramble jelly. Dry white wine.

UNIQUE PORT
Brewmaster
the Master Brew
Brewmaster
the Master Brew

Eve's GOOD FOOD CLUB

BARBARA RICHES PRODUCES "CANDY KISSES WITHOUT TEARS"

Home-made sweets are in fashion again . . . . chosen because they are quick and easy to make, and no elaborate equipment is required. With a few simple tricks you can make them look gay as well as taste good

LET'S start with the quickest.

ACORNS: In a double saucepan melt some slab cooking chocolate with pure lard, in a ratio of 8 to 1. Cut grapes off the main stem, leaving a tiny length of stalk on each one. Dip the stalk end of each grape in the melted chocolate and stand on greaseproof paper till chocolate hardens.

CHOCOLATE BRAZILS: To blanch, heat thoroughly in a slow oven before cracking. Dip the brazil nuts in the same melted chocolate and stand on greaseproof paper till set.

STUFFED DATES: Wash and stone. You can go to town on stuffing these, and here are a few fillings to set your imagination working: brazil nuts, skinned; candied ginger, cut fine; peanut butter mixed with orange juice; marshmallow cut into quarters, with the wet edge dipped in finely chopped coconut.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS or Grandfather's Blessings: A favourite with the young the old, the dyspeptic. Whisk the white of 1 egg until stiff and then fold in ½ gill of cream. Gradually fold in 1 lb. of icing sugar—do not beat or it will be too stiff. Pour a few drops of peppermint essence into mixture, now beat till stiff enough to roll. Roll on a pastry board sprinkled with icing sugar and, when of the required thickness, cut into rounds. Dip a fine paint brush in green vegetable colouring and squiggle over the top.

LEMON CREAMS or Granny's Favourites: Make exactly as for peppermint creams but cut down the icing sugar to about 10 oz., replace white of egg with the yolk and the cream with the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Leave plain, or squiggle melted chocolate down the centre.

FUDGE: Here you have a choice of three: white, chocolate and coffee. This is the basic recipe for fudge: put 1 lb. of granulated sugar, ½ pt. milk, 4 oz. butter and 1 tsp. vanilla in a stout saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is melted. Then boil, stirring all the time, till it reaches a temperature of 236° F. You can judge this by dropping a small quantity into very cold water. If it forms a soft ball which you can flatten with your fingers the syrup is right. Stop cooking during testing. Pour into a well-greased tin to set.

DESCRIPTION	TEMPERATURE	USE
Small soft ball (flattens out)	233° *to* 236° *F.*	*Fudge*
Medium soft ball (holds its shape)	237° *to* 240° *F.*	*Fondant*
Large ball (firm)	244° *to* 249° *F.*	*Caramels*
Extra hard ball	250° *to* 270° *F.*	*Chewy toffee*
Small crackle	290° *to* 294° *F.*	*Butterscotch, toffee*
Large crackle	295° *to* 312° *F.*	*Brittle nut toffee*

White fudge contains finely chopped glacé cherries and angelica; after cutting put a fragment of each on the top.

Chocolate fudge is made by adding 3 oz. of grated cooking chocolate and ¼ lb. of toasted almonds chopped rather coarsely. When set cut into squares and dip each piece into very hot water and then roll in chopped toasted almonds.

Coffee fudge has two tsp. of coffee essence added to the basic recipe. Before the fudge is quite set, stick halves of almonds on the top so that they will sit in the centre of each square.

Coconut Ice (not illustrated): Colourful, yet absurdly simple. Dissolve 1 lb. of loaf sugar in ¾ pt. of water and boil without stirring for 8 minutes. Add ½ lb. of coconut and pour half the mixture into a well-greased tin. Add cochineal to the remainder and when it is a pleasant colour pour it on the top of the white mixture. Cool and cut into slices when set.

Marzipan, the basis for many candies, is very simple to prepare. Mix ½ lb. of fine castor sugar with 6 oz. ground almonds, and bind them together with the white of one egg. Knead this paste thoroughly, adding a drop or two of lemon juice if you like—and it's done.

ALMOND ROSES: A bit fiddly to make, but with these roses you can always eat the petals that drop! With vegetable colouring, tint a small quantity of the marzipan—pink, red or yellow. To form the centre of the rose make a tiny pyramid, then form petals by pressing pieces into shape on the palm of the hand, fixing each petal around the pyramid as you make it. When large enough, cut away the base of the pyramid with a sharp knife—and there is your rose.

STILL LIFES: So-called for no apparent reason (artist's delights?). Take marzipan coloured to suit your fancy, roll a small piece in the palms of your hands until it is perfectly smooth and round. Squash it slightly flat, put a half walnut or glacé cherry on top (cut half through in quarters, stuffed with more marzipan).

MARRONS GLACÉS: Not really difficult, but require some care to avoid breaking the chestnuts, and much time. I think you will agree they are well worth the effort. Boil a pound of chestnuts until they are thoroughly cooked (about 40 minutes). Peel off shell and skin.

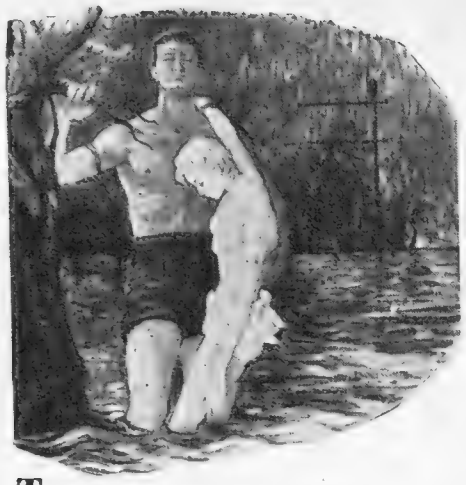
Make a strong syrup by melting 1 lb. of loaf sugar in nearly ¾ pt. of water. Boil for 5 minutes. Cool and half fill a Kilner jar. Add the chestnuts, ensuring that they are well covered with syrup. Put in a very slow oven (200° F, Regulo ¼) for 6 hours. Cool and place marrons on greaseproof paper till dry.

COCONUT CANDY: Boil one heaped tbsp. of butter, 1 lb. brown sugar and 4 tbsp. of tinned milk, without stirring, until thick. Remove the mixture from the heat and beat until creamy. Stir in 4 oz. coarse coconut strips and pour into a buttered tin.

GINGER COCONUT CANDY: This delicious sweet can be made by adding 6 drops of ginger flavouring and 1 dsp. of syrup from preserved ginger jar, substituting desiccated coconut for the coarse strips. But if you have a sugar thermometer, try your hand at making the real thing.

Dissolve 12 oz. of sugar in ¼ pt. of cold water. Add 2 oz. glucose, a walnut of butter and bring to the boil. Add ½ cup of desiccated coconut, 6 drops of ginger flavouring and 1 dsp. of syrup from a jar of preserved ginger. Boil till it reaches 248° F. Pour the mixture into a basin previously rinsed in cold water and leave it to stand for 5 minutes. Then stir with a wooden spoon until it turns thick and creamy. Turn into a buttered tin and leave till set.

"Talk all you like, girl," said



THE FLOODS OF FEAR

CONCLUSION

THE ACTION SO FAR. *Elizabeth Matthews stood before Donavan, her fists clenched. "Why didn't you tell me?" she demanded. "Why didn't you tell me you didn't kill her?"*

"Why tell you something I could not expect you to believe," the convict asked. Donavan had spent six years in prison, falsely accused of killing Norma Murphy, his partner's wife. Freed when floods bring death and destruction to the countryside, he has only one aim: to kill Murphy.

On his way to find Murphy, Donavan rescued Elizabeth, Peebles, another convict, and a prison warder—Tom Sharkey. Sharkey was set free and is now leading the hunt for Donavan. Only Elizabeth and Peebles know that in fact he is innocent.

by John and Ward Hawkins

THE boat carrying Elizabeth and Donavan and Peebles found its way haphazardly into the current.

They had come away from the island where they'd spent the day without difficulty. Donavan's calculated risk had worked for him this time.

☆ ☆ ☆

To the young skipper of the Bonnie K, Tom Sharkey had said, "I haven't been in planes much. What I thought was six or seven miles from Lebanon, was probably closer to ten or twelve." And he'd been right in this. They'd used the last of the daylight searching much too far upstream.

☆ ☆ ☆

Presently they drifted in among the dark shapes of houses standing silently in water almost to their eaves.

"Wait a minute!" Peebles said. "We got to make a livin', y'know. I say we ought to look around."

Elizabeth said, "Thief!" It was a curse.

"Who's talking to you?" Peebles asked. "Listen, Bruce, we got to have clothes, don't we? One look at us the way we are, they'll nail us. With decent clothes we could be anybody.

"We got to have clothes! Is that too much——"

"Stop it!" Elizabeth said suddenly. "Listen!"

They were all silent for a moment, drifting. Then they all heard what Elizabeth had heard—the sound of a child crying.

"Turn!" she said to Donavan. "Turn back!"

Donavan went over the side of the boat. He sank into the utter darkness beneath the surface, swimming and fumbling blindly until he found the door latch. Moving in, Donavan found carpet beneath his feet and the water level at his chin. He could see nothing, but he could follow the child's voice to the child.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right."

"Mummy—where's Mummy?"

THE child was lying wedged into the upper shelf of a floor-to-ceiling bookcase. She struggled in Donavan's hands, as he held her high, wading back towards the boat, calling the woman. Donavan gave the child to Elizabeth. Elizabeth was agonized, not wanting to believe the worst.

"Where is her mother?" she asked. "She can't be——"

"I don't know," Donavan said. "But I'll find out. . . . Peebles, come out of there and give me a hand. Lively now; there may still be time."

"Not much chance——"

"Any chance is enough!"

Peebles got out of his khaki shirt a moment before Donavan's reaching hand found him, and came overside. The water was over Peebles's depth inside the house, but his awkwardly efficient swimming stroke was more than enough to carry him about

The woman was beyond any hope of resuscitation by at least an hour, perhaps a good deal more. Donavan held the lifeless body for a moment, then let it sink gently back beneath the surface. He waded to the doorway.

"Nothing to be done," he said. "We're much too late."

"You can't leave her."

Donavan was running his hands over the area near the door, searching for the house number. "A few more hours here won't trouble her," he said. "To take her might trouble the child."

He turned. "Peebles! We're shoving off!"

FROM the dark interior of the house, Peebles said, "Be right with you." And he came a moment later, swimming hurriedly and clumsily. He caught the gunwale of the boat and heaved himself into the bow of the boat.

Donavan had begun to move towards the stern. Now he turned back to face Peebles.

"What did you take?"

"Me? I didn't take nothin'! There wasn't nothin'——"

"There was a ring."

Elizabeth's voice was almost a shriek. "Oh, no!"

The sound frightened Peebles; he twisted, yelling at her. "Shut up!" He faced Donavan again. "Get some sense, will yuh? What good to leave it there? For somebody else?"

Donavan held out his hand. "Give it to me."

Peebles began a protest, then changed his mind. "Sure," he said. "Sure, you keep it and we'll split later." He put a diamond engagement ring in Donavan's hands. "See for yourself. It'll go a thousand bucks, maybe more."

Donavan put the ring in a pocket. Then he stood up and his big hands went out suddenly and caught Peebles's arms just above the elbows. Donavan lifted Peebles up into the air, carefully, because of the boat, and heaved him away. Peebles hit the water on his back, legs kicking, and sank. He splashed clumsily, trying to swim back; he called out, pleading. Donavan stood silent and motionless until Peebles was carried out of sight.

Elizabeth asked, "Will he drown?"

"Not likely," Donavan said.

Then he dropped into the water and went back inside the house.

Donavan drove on downstream until the voice of Peebles was lost behind him. Then he rested, using the paddle only to guide them away from an obstacle, letting the current carry them.

"You're a fool," Elizabeth said.

"So?"

"You're sitting there, feeling rotten," she said. "You're arguing with yourself. You're trying to persuade yourself that none of it was your fault. Or your responsibility. Isn't that right?"

After a moment, Donavan said, "It's very close."

Elizabeth felt the warmth of triumph. The inscrutable Donavan was not inscrutable at all. She had looked into his mind She knew who he was and what he was. He was a strong man, both in mind and body, with enormous capabilities—and he needed help. Her help.

SHE spoke softly, so as not to awaken the child, but she spoke with cold and deliberate scorn. "And I say you're a fool! You know perfectly well what you should have done about Peebles.

"He belongs in prison, and well you know it. It was your job, the job of any decent man, to see that he went back to prison."

"Society's problems are not mine!"

"I'll show you they are!" Elizabeth said. "You've shown me a dozen times. Why did you help me? You could have gone on and nobody would even know you were alive.

"Why did you help Mr. Sharkey? He'll never rest now until he takes you back or kills you. You could have left him to die. Why didn't you harm me? And if you didn't want me, why didn't you let Peebles have me? Why did you help this child? Why did you give a ring back to a dead woman?

"We're members of society and these were our problems. Did you turn your back on us? No! You helped us. Are you going to tell me you don't know why?"

Donavan. "I'm killing Murphy—tonight"

Donavan was silent.

"You're one of us!" Elizabeth said. "You were never mean, vicious or cruel. You never can be. You're a decent man to the very marrow of your bones. Deny it, if you can!"

"I'm a murderer. Is that decent?"

"You killed no one."

"I'm going to. It's the same thing."

"But it's different now, Bruce," Elizabeth said. "You're not alone now. I told you my father is an important man, and he is. When I tell him what you did for me, and what you mean to me, he'll move heaven and earth to set you free. And he will set you free. I promise he will!"

"He couldn't possibly."

"Bruce, in the name of heaven!" Elizabeth said. "We know you didn't murder that woman. We know who did. You can't tell me it's impossible to prove the truth. There must be a way—there's got to be a way. No one can commit a crime like that and get away scot-free."

"They can and did," Donavan said. "I wasn't important and I wasn't wealthy. But I had more than enough money and more than enough friends who believed in me as strongly as you believe in me. And I had good lawyers. We all did everything in our power and failed. Your father would fail as we did."

"You don't know him!"

"I know the impossible when I see it."

THEN he took up the paddle. There was a difference in the way he worked the blade now, a new purpose, and, fearfully, Elizabeth turned to look downstream. The reason was clear at once. A glow was lighting the sky to the south and west. Elizabeth turned back.

"Johnsonville?" she asked.

"That's right."

And Elizabeth felt the sudden ache of desperation.

"Why is this so important to you? Is it because——" She fell silent a moment. "Did you love the woman, Bruce? The one who was killed?"

And he was silent before answering. "Not in the sense you mean. I loved her as a man can love a friend. With more than affection, more than respect, but not the other."

"Tell me about her."

"Her name was Norma. Norma Hamilton, and then Norma Murphy. A tall woman, not quite beautiful, dark hair, dark eyes. I met her in college, through her brother. We liked each other in the same way. There was always good companionship between us.

"It's to my eternal grief to know I was the one who introduced her to Jack Murphy."

"Who was Jack Murphy then? What was he?"

"I met him in Europe during the war," he said. "We came out together. I had Donavan Construction waiting for me; it was my father's before me. There was plenty of work, and room for Jack. I took him in, first as a superintendent, then as a full partner. The company grew very fast."

"Then Norma Murphy?"

"Yes. Perhaps because Norma and I were so much alike, she reacted to Murphy as I did. She fell in love with the man she saw on the surface and she married him. You can hide a black soul from a business partner, but you can't hide it from a wife.

"She didn't try to hide the fact that her love had died—she was too honest for that—and when he found it out, her life became truly miserable.

"Then he became sure Norma was in love with me. We met often. Jack hired Hallock to follow us, and he made a record of our meetings, and the record helped to substantiate the overnight meetings they faked.

"In his way, Jack is very efficient. He was able to use her death to get rid of me as well as Norma."

Elizabeth's voice was shaking. "And I thought Peebles was rotten! A dozen like Peebles couldn't match this Murphy. Bruce, don't you see? He's got to pay for his crime. We've got to see that he does."

"I intend to make him pay," Donavan said. "He'll be at the moorage that used to be my moorage; I'll collect from him."

"But not that way!" Elizabeth said. "Not at the cost of your life too! We'll try again—with my money and my friends!"

Donavan was silent. Then: "You mean that, girl. I know you do. But I don't know why you should feel this way. I——" A note of uncertainty had crept into his voice; he stopped it. "You must be mistaken. You've known me only—how long?"

"A thousand years!" she said fiercely.

His voice turned husky. "No."

"Yes!" she said. "Don't lie to me now. And don't say anything just to be kind. Tell me—don't you feel anything about me?"

Very quietly Donavan said, "Nothing at all."

"Bruce."

"I'm nothing," he said. "I can offer nothing. Have I any right to ask anything of you? Or even think about it?"

ELIZABETH'S voice lifted suddenly. "You see! You see! There it is again. That's the kind of man you are, you blind fool! You're not a murderer! You——" The child awakened and stirred restlessly in her arms. Elizabeth held her tightly and silently until the child quieted again. "Oh, Lord," she said helplessly, "I've never wanted to scratch a man's face so much in all my life."

They passed the lights of Johnsonville well offshore. Immediately below it, Donavan set a slanting course that would take them to the earliest high ground. Here he beached the boat, wading to the bow, pulling it above the water line. And he helped Elizabeth and the child to firm ground.

"How can you do this to me?" she asked.

His voice was steady. "It isn't what you think it is. You've had a bad time. You're feeling things, seeing things that don't exist. You'll know it in a few days."

He turned away. "Listen," she said. "When you leave, I'm going straight to the police. They'll be there before you, waiting."

"It's a possibility."

He turned back to her, his big hands came down gently on her shoulders. "Any thing is better than prison," he said. His big hands turned her. "Now go your way, girl. And I'll go mine."

She heard the splash of water as he floated the boat again, the thud of the paddle against the gunwale and the sound of the water before the paddle's deep thrust. Elizabeth's eyes were suddenly hot with the scalding of tears.

"Hang tight," she said to the child, and began running. The road curved and curved again, and went on and on, but in time she heard the bellowing of a heavy engine and saw the flicker of fast-moving headlights beyond trees.

The driver asked no questions; plainly Elizabeth could answer none. He put the child in the cab, then helped Elizabeth into the seat beside her.

"You're O.K. now," he said above the noise. "I'll have you and the kid in Johnsonville in two shakes.

He took her to a building in the centre of Johnsonville. It had been a hall; it was a front-line command post now. There was a small crowd of men and women in the street before it, silent, numbed, patient. Elizabeth carried the child, and the truck driver made a way through the crowd for her to the door.

A big man wearing the mud-stained and wrinkled police uniform met them here. A two-day beard stained his cheeks.

ELIZABETH took a chair at a table, holding the child on her lap. The man was impatient and trying not to be. His voice had a rough edge.

"Let's hurry it up," he said. "There's more behind you. What is it you want to report?"

"Hold that!" a voice from the back of the room said. A man got up from one of the cots in the shadowed part of the room. He came forward into the light, rubbing sleep from his face, carrying a huge pair of army-issue shoes. When Elizabeth saw the familiar lanky form, the lean face, the bald head, she almost wept with relief.

"Mr. Sharkey—oh, thank God!"

"Lass, are you all right? They didn't harm you?"

"I'm all right. Donavan took good care of me. Mr. Sharkey, I've got to talk to you! It—it's terribly important! Can't I talk to you alone?"

Sharkey took her and the child to the room that had been the kitchen. There was a single light here and, at this moment, no one near, awake or asleep.

"Donavan didn't kill anyone," Elizabeth said. Sharkey knelt to put on his shoes. He was hard-faced and sceptical, and though Elizabeth was not able to convince him fully, Peebles's account forced him to go along with her at least part way.

And when she said, "But he's going to kill someone unless we stop him. He's going to the moorage to kill Jack Murphy——"

"Good," he said. "This's the break I've been waiting for. Now I know where he's goin', I'll be there, waitin'."

(Continued on page 77)

B.B.C. WOMAN SPINS TO A TOP JOB

UNKNOWN ANNA IS THE DISC JOCKEYS' BOSS

She was there the day the gramophone came to stay.

Now it's on the air for over one hundred hours each week

IN the much-abused name of entertainment the B.B.C. devotes some twenty-two hours every week of its Home, Light and Third Programmes to the playing of gramophone records. On its overseas programmes records spin for up to eighty hours every week.

Boss of these disc programmes, which range from *Composer of the Week* to "request" sessions like *Family Favourites*, is a woman—**Anna Instone,** head of the B.B.C. Gramophone Department, in private life Mrs. Julian Herbage, wife of the composer and conductor.

It was in 1933 that the B.B.C., deciding the gramophone had come to stay, formed a records section. Miss Instone was in at its birth.

Today she has her office in Western House, one of Broadcasting House's numerous annexes just around the corner from Portland Place—a spacious office containing without overcrowding, a piano, a record player, a radiogram, several, bookcases, an executive-size desk and a glass case full of sea shells. (*"They were collected from all over the world by my father. I have them here because one spends so much of one's life in the office."*)

She sat behind her desk beneath an autographed drawing of Toscanini in action. "The department has two functions," she said, addressing me over a row of musical reference books. "To originate programmes—like *Housewives' Choice* —and to provide other departments with records to use as background music for plays, schools broadcasting, interludes and so on."

I asked her about its beginnings. Miss Instone fished out a bunch of keys the size of a prison officer's, unlocked a glass-fronted bookcase and extracted a red covered diary.

"I have all my diaries for every year since I have been here," she said, as she riffled the pages.

She applied for a job in the B.B.C. Music Department after studying composition, piano and viola at the Royal Academy of Music. Instead, she was invited to join the new records section as a programme planner.

"The entire records section was housed in one room on the second floor of Broadcasting House," she recalled.

THERE was one other programme planner and about six hundred to seven hundred records.

Those were the days when Christopher Stone was the leading disc jockey (although the words had not then been coined). "He came to the studio bringing the records he intended to play from his own collection at home, and put them on the turntable himself," said Miss Instone.

Today Miss Instone bosses a department fifty-six strong. The record library on the ground floor and in the basement of Western House holds half a million discs. It is the biggest library of commercial records in the world.

The library takes several copies of each record, for discs soon become unusable. Discarded discs go to hospitals and prisons.

We talked of Miss Instone's top two programmes, *Housewives' Choice* and *Family Favourites*. The record companies' exploitation men dream of getting their records on these programmes.

"Housewives' Choice" brings in three thousand requests a week. Miss Instone is responsible for the selection of the programme's disc jockeys. There is always a waiting list of applicants.

I told her that some of her selections—Godfrey Winn, Brian Michie and "Mrs. Elrick's wee son, Georgie"—made me feel queasy with their nauseating *bonhomie* and asked her whether she couldn't put a brake on Edmundo Ros who seemed to play one of his own records almost every day of his last three-week session.

Miss Instone smiled, spread her hands.

"They are immensely popular, you know," she said.

SHE had obviously no intention of commenting on mass feminine taste. *"A very shrewd woman is Anna," they say at the B.B.C.*

I challenged her to name the disc jockeys she regarded as outstanding. "The two men," she said, "who have done most to popularize records are Christopher Stone and Jack Jackson."

It was brave of her to mention Jackson who, with his cat, his gimmicks and his rubber-faced miming stooges, is now one of rival ITV's brightest stars.

Miss Instone met her fifty-two year old, bearded husband at the B.B.C. where he was assistant director of music from 1940 to 1944. I hinted at a romance among the record racks. Miss Instone laughed.

"I didn't like him much at first — possibly it was his beard," she said.

Herbage and Miss Instone collaborated to present *Music Magazine*. After six months running the programme together they married. That was in 1944.

They have now edited *Music Magazine* for twelve years. It is still running.

They have a flat near Broadcasting House and a cottage in Kent. Address of the cottage is a secret. Both homes are equipped with pianos and record players.

I asked two questions as I left.

What is the most popular record requested? Miss Instone answered without any hesitation. "Over the years the most requested number is 'The Skater's' Waltz."

And what are her personal tastes in music; what sort of records does the records boss have at home?

"I collect records of the old opera singers," she said. ***Tony Davis***

Programmes like *Housewives' Choice* bring in around three thousand requests a week. Anna Instone helps to look them over with guest disc jockey Robert McDermott, and Denys Jones, one of the programme's seven producers.

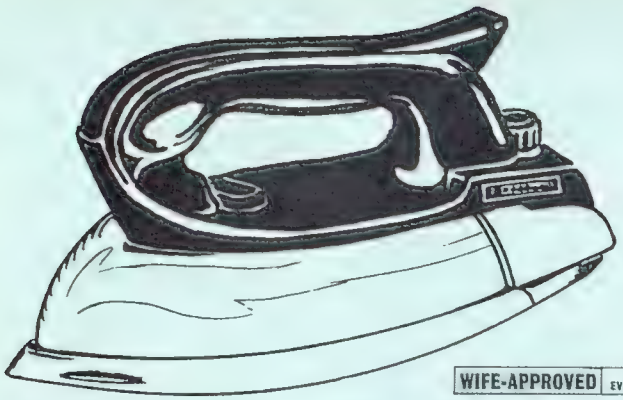
BRITANNIA and

Eve

Report Number Three from the EVE Wives' Panel—the only <u>completely independent</u> survey dealing with British domestic equipment. . . . This month:

HAND AND TABLE IRONS

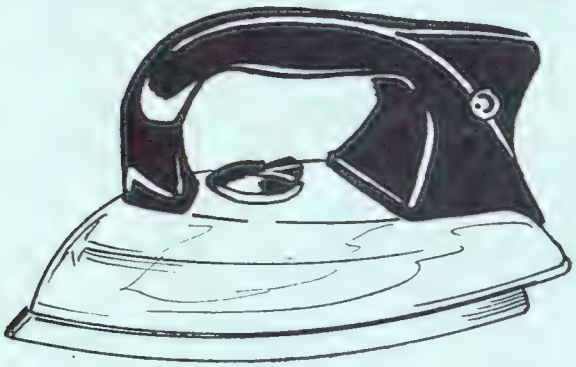
NOW SEE THE WIVES' COMMENTS



WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

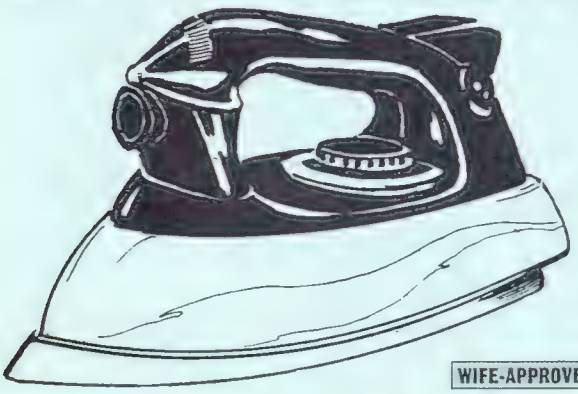
"STEAM-O-MATIC" by Kenwood Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Woking, Surrey. Boiler-type model. Automatic control of heat and steam to suit all fabrics. Water is emptied out for dry ironing. Weighs 3½ lb. and under 4 lb. when filled with 7 oz. of water for steam ironing (lasts for up to 50 minutes). Finish : "Staybrite" stainless steel, does not tarnish or corrode. Voltages : 100 to 250, AC only. Loading : 1000 w. Price : £6 11s. 1d.

Mrs. Banks: Excellent light-weight steam or dry iron that heats up quickly. Smart design, comfortable handle. Bevel back most useful, but button notches need to be sloped. I would like a polished soleplate.



REVO AUTOMATIC by Revo Electric Ltd., Tipton, Staffs. The streamlined chromium-plated soleplate glides over the ironing with a minimum of effort. The graduated control knob is set below the easy-grip handle which incorporates a special thumb rest and signal light. Weight : 4¼ lb. Voltage : 200/210, 220, 230/240, 250, AC only. Loading : 650 w. Price : chromium £2 14s. 11d.; yellow, blue, green or red, £2 17s. 11d.

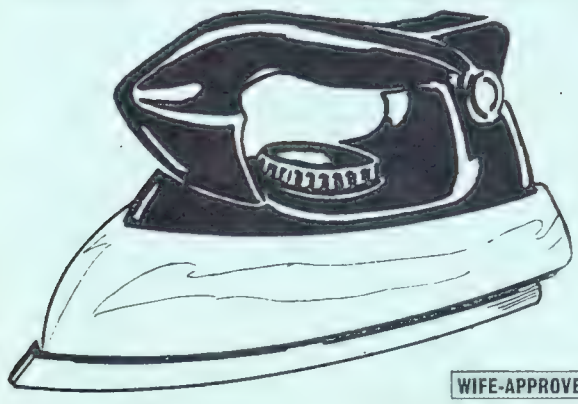
Mrs. Gaze: This iron is reasonably heavy, but I found the handle rather large to grip and not sufficiently sloped for maximum comfort. The numbered thermostat does not show fabric heats, so that experience is required for efficient use.



WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

MORPHY-RICHARDS STEAM AND DRY IRON by Morphy-Richards Ltd., Conduit Street, London. Boiler-type model. Weighs 3 lb. dry, and 3¼ lb. when filled with 4 oz. of water (gives about 25 minutes of steam ironing). Automatic control of heat and steam for all fabrics. Long-life element is embedded in soleplate. Supplied with a graduated filler measure, and de-scaling liquid. Voltages : 100 to 250. Loading : 750 w. Price : AC £3 19s. 1d.; AC/DC £4 5s. 2d.

Mrs. Selley: A superb iron, light to handle, with easy-to-read temperature dial. It does not get too hot. The only complaint I have is that it appears to be a bit tinny.



WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

ATLANTIC by Morphy-Richards, Conduit Street, London. Very lightweight iron with a special spiral element embedded in the soleplate. Other features : fabric-selector dial ; "Magic Eye" pilot light ; cool, easy-grip handle, with left or right hand thumb rest and a "Crossbow" thermostat. Weight : 2¾ lb. Finish : primrose, green, blue or chromium. Voltages : 100 to 250, AC or AC/DC. Loading : 750 w. Price : from £2 8s. 1d. to £3 0s. 10d.

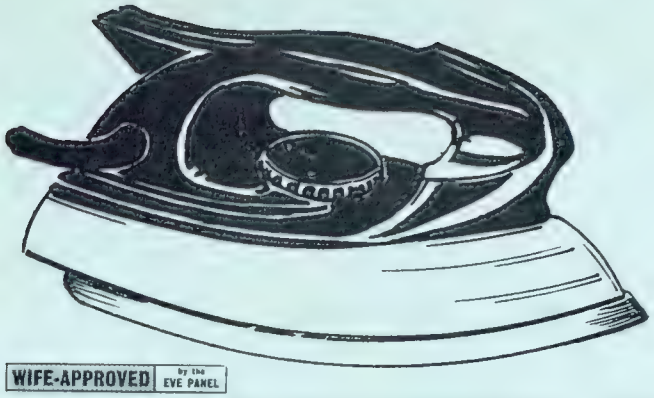
Mrs. Selley: I have used this iron for two years, and it has given very good service. It is very light and easy to handle, with a good temperature selector dial that is reliable at all heats.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

HOOVER STEAM OR DRY IRON by Hoover Ltd., Perivale, Mddx. Drip-feed type iron which will give instant steam or instant dry ironing. Water drops on to hot interior of iron, one drop at a time, and slots in the base distribute the steam evenly. A third of a pint of water gives 30 minutes of steam ironing. Weighs 3½ lb. dry and less than 4 lb. filled. One temperature for all steam ironing, but there are six settings for dry ironing. Voltages : 105 to 280 AC. Loading : 1000 w. Price : £4 15s.

Mrs. MacKenzie: This is the iron I would choose. Very efficient. when clothes are dry it can quickly be changed into a steam iron. I ironed a very dry crêpe dress, and all creases disappeared like magic under steam and without pressure.

Illustrations by Pidherney



WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

SINGER IRON by Singer Sewing Machine Co. Ltd., City Road, London. A well balanced iron, with rapid, all-over heating soleplate. Large fabric dial, pinpoint accuracy of thermostat control, no TV or radio interference. Weight: 4½ lb. Finish: chromium. Voltage: 200 to 250 AC only. Loading: 500 to 750 w. Price: £3 1s.

Mrs. Banks: Smart design, extremely comfortable handle, balances well. There is a setting for nylon and the thermostat works at all heats except cotton, which was a little low for me. I like the "off" switch, as it is useful when the main plug is on the skirting board.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

DA 439 by Metway Electrical Industries Ltd., Canning Street, Brighton. Neat thermostatically controlled iron, easy-grip handle, shaped for comfort. A well-pointed front for fine work, and bevelled chromium soleplate. Weight: 4½ lb. Finish: green, cream or blue. Voltages: 200 to 250 AC. Loading: 700 w. Price: £2 13s. 3d., coloured, £2 14s. 1d. chromium. AC/DC 4s. 3d. extra.

Mrs. Gaze: A smooth ironer with a very comfortable handle, and is definitely well-balanced. It heats up quickly, and the thermostat is efficient at all temperatures. Defined point is good for intricate work.

PIFCO by Pifco Ltd., Watling Street, Manchester. This automatic heat-controlled iron combines perfection of engineering with a neat design. It has a chromium-plated body and soleplate, with energy-saving handle grip in black plastic. Precision-control knob and built-in pilot light. Weight: 5 lb. Finish: chromium. Voltages: 100 to 250 AC. Loading: 750 w. Price: £2 14s. 9d.

Mrs. Banks: The weight is perfect and the thermostat good at all heats. The handle was not particularly comfortable, as I found the slope tended to throw the weight of my hand to the back of the iron. The front point could have been sharper.

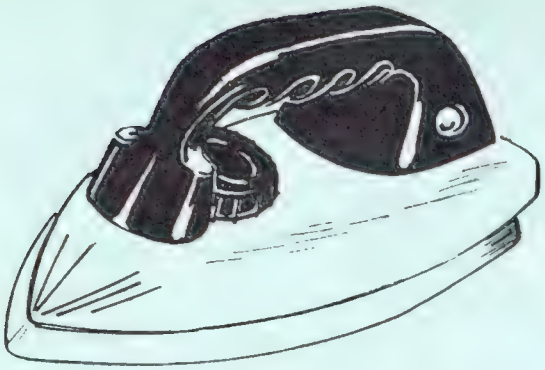
EASIPOWER 99U by Easipower Ltd., Gloucester Place, London. The soleplate is of hard aluminium alloy, which gives three times the heating speed of iron or steel. An unusual feature is the illuminated control knob set in the handle. Weight: 3½ lb. Finish: cream or primrose. Voltage: 200 to 250 AC/DC. Loading: 600 w. Price: £2 14s. 11d.

Mrs. Selley: Quite a pleasant iron, but I found it awkward to hold as the handle is rather low. An attractive point is that the dial lights up until the selected heat has been reached. I think the heat control is in the wrong place.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

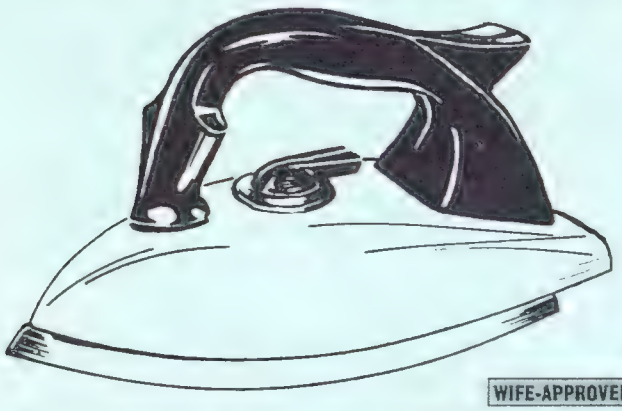
MILADY by H.M.V. Household Appliances, Hayes, Middx. A quick-heating iron with large, clearly labelled control-setting dial. The built-in signal light indicates the required temperature. Insulated handle styled for left or right hand use. TV and radio suppressed. Weight: 4 lb. Finish: primrose vitreous enamel. Voltage: 200 to 250. Loading: 750 w. Price: £2 8s. 6d. AC, £2 12s. 6d. AC/DC.

Mrs. Selley: A very good iron. The weight is just right, with a clear and accurate temperature selector dial. I like the heat protection for the hand, as the top remains cool. I also like a coloured iron.



444P by Lincass Electric Ltd., Chertsey, Surrey. A well-proportioned iron. Low angle bevel of the chromium soleplate slips easily under buttons and folds. Two-way thumb rest is included in the design of the easy-grip, cool plastic handle. Over-size "Pancake" selector dial. Weight : 4½ lb. Finish : Chromium or coloured. Voltage : all AC or AC/DC.

Mrs. Banks: A comfortable iron to use. It is well-balanced, easy to hold, very clear pilot light, efficient at all heats. I thought that the selector dial was apt to be confusing.



BRIDES NO. D5850 by General Electric Co. Ltd., Kingsway, London. The main feature of this thermostatic iron is that the heating element is embedded in the light alloy soleplate. Thermostat handle has smooth touch control. No radio or TV interference. Weight : 2⅓ or 3¼ lb. Voltages : 100 to 250 AC. Loading : 750 w. Price : chromium £2 11s. 10d., cream £2 14s. 10d.

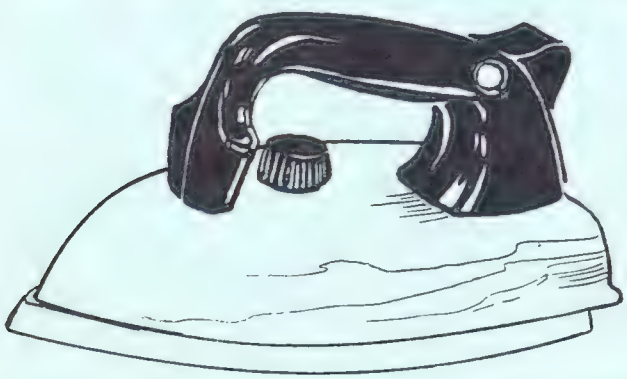
Mrs. Goodwin: This iron, which is very light to handle, is really excellent : I have no serious criticisms of it, only praise. The handle is perfect, it heats quickly, and the thermostat is correct. Only point : it has no pilot light, which I missed.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

ROBLEC 4 by Robson Electrical Products Ltd., Union Street, West Bromwich. A very attractive iron, well designed and made. Heats up quickly as it has a pure mica rapid heating element. Other features : very sensitive heat control, pilot light, Bakelite handle. Weight : 4½ lb. Voltages : 100 to 250 AC. Loading : 650 w. Price : chromium £2 8s. 5d.; cream, blue or green heat-resisting enamel £2 5s. 10d.

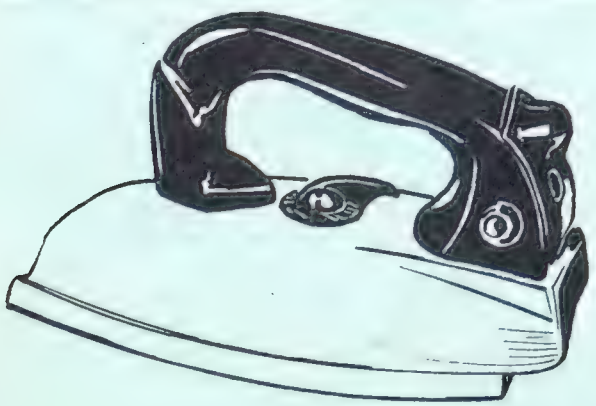
Mrs. Gaze: A particularly well-balanced iron, heavy enough, with a convenient handle sloping backwards. It heats up quickly and the thermostat is completely reliable for all kinds of materials.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



FEATHERLIGHT by Falk Stadelmann & Co. Ltd., Farringdon Road, London. A thermostatically controlled iron which can be used by a left or right handed person. Neat design, easy-grip handle, and soleplate of polished aluminium. Pilot shows when the iron is switched on. Weight : 3 lb. Finish : chromium-plated hood. Voltages : 110 to 250 AC. Loading : 750 w. Price : £2 11s. 2d.

Mrs. Gaze: I think the light weight is a disadvantage. It is not heavy enough for normal use and too heavy for a travelling iron. The handle is comfortable, the iron heats up quickly and is correct at all heats.

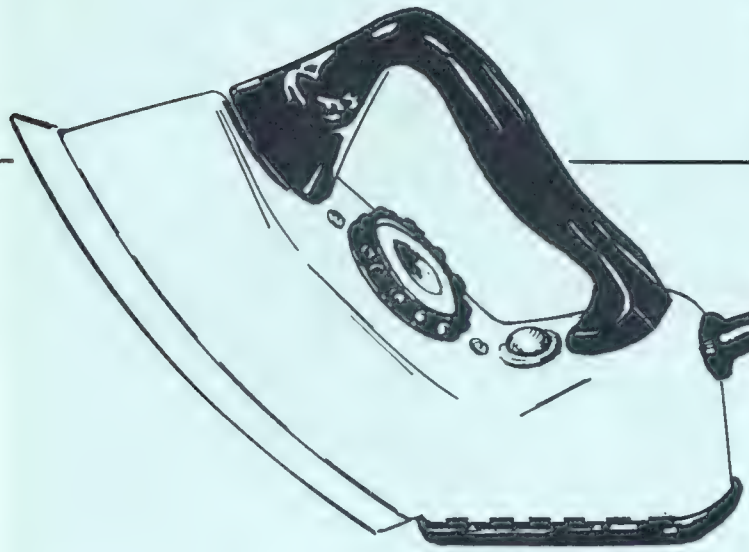


NO. 9 by Grafton Heater Co. Ltd., City Road, London. Streamlined iron with a plastic handle designed to give perfect control and eliminate thumb rests. Thermostatically controlled. Small blue light in handle lights up when switched on and goes out when the correct temperature is reached. Weight : 4½ lb. Finish : chrome, fitted with coloured handle. Voltage 200 to 250 AC and AC/DC. Loading : 750 w. Price : from £2 6s. to £2 17s.

Mrs. MacKenzie: I found this iron clumsy and awkward to use. The front is not well pointed. It heats up quickly and the thermostat is effective : but I wouldn't choose this model from the wide selection of irons.

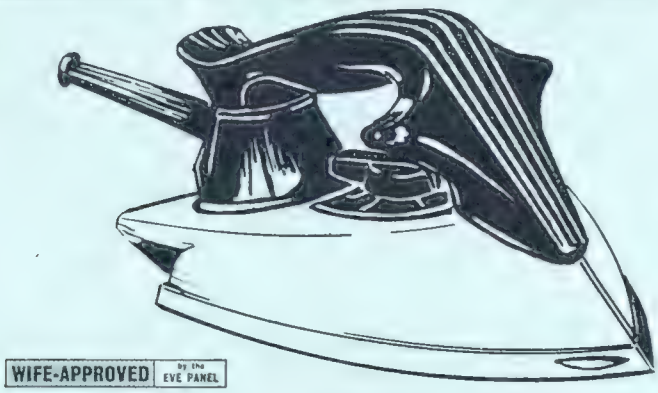
NEXT MONTH THE WIVES DISCUSS THE LATEST FIRES

The big demand is for space heating fires that burn longer, smokelessly and on less fuel: they must be reasonably priced and economical to use. But are they really cleaner, are they really cheaper? Next month for your guidance, the wives take a look at some of the very latest fires, and give their opinions without fear or prejudice.



BYLOCK SAFETY IRON by Bylock Electric Ltd., Enfield, Mddx. Self-tilting on to a cold heel. Thermostat control. Soleplate is designed for high radiation of heat with low electric consumption, sized for flat work, shaped for frills and relieved for button clearance. Weight: 5 lb. Finish: primrose, blue or green. Voltages: 110 to 250 AC. Loading: 750 w. Price: £3 16s. 3d.

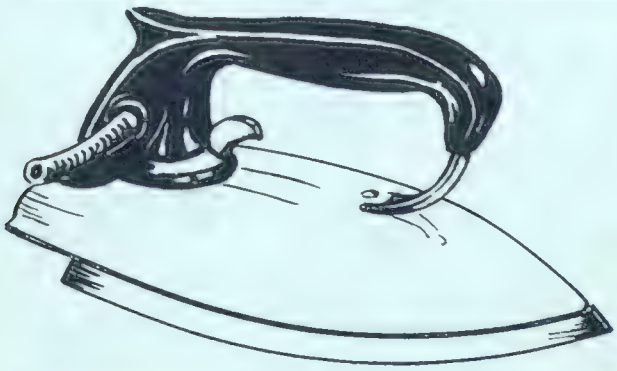
Mrs. MacKenzie: This iron automatically stands on end when the hand is lifted away. A good idea but better, I think, in theory than in practice. I did not find it easy or comfortable to use and I was constantly aware of the backward pressure.



WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

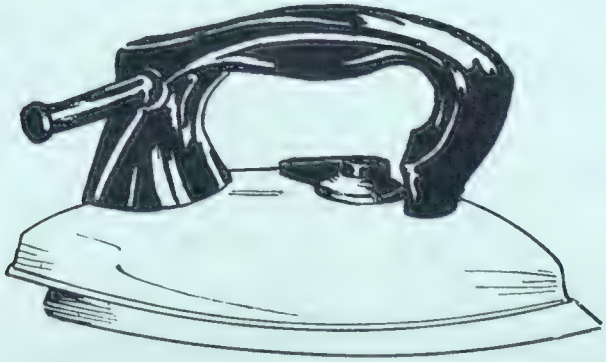
PLUS FIVE by Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd., Birmingham. Five features are: swivel flex device follows the line of movement naturally; button nooks cut into the toe of the iron, double thumb rest; easy-grip handle shaped to fit the hand; thermostat control. Weight: 5½ lb. Finish: chromium with black handle. Voltages: 200 to 250 AC. Loading: 800 w. Price: £3 19s. 3d.

Mrs. Banks: This is my choice. It is a first class iron and does everything the makers' claim. The swivel flex is an excellent innovation and the button notches are in the right position. But I did miss the pilot light.



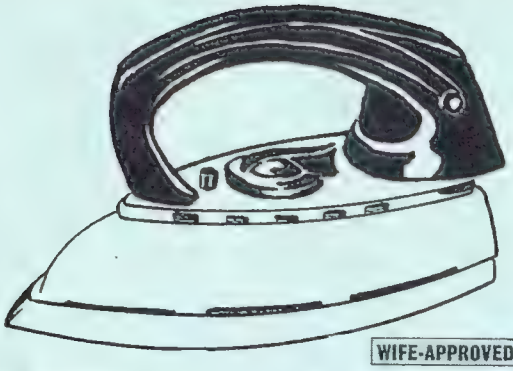
LIGHTWEIGHT by L. G. Hawkins & Co. Ltd., Drury Lane, London. Sleek, thermostatic-controlled iron. Bevelled edges to slip around or under buttons, pleats and ruffles. Rounded heel keeps fabric from wrinkling. Cool plastic handle. Weight: 4¼ lb. Finish: chromium-plated. Voltages: 200 to 250 AC. Loading: 800 w. Price £3 0s. 4d.

Mrs. Selley: An iron with eye appeal. It is well designed, has a definite point, accurate thermostat, comfortable handle and heats quickly. But there is no indicator light, and in the iron I tested the selector dial was slightly loose. The indicator arrow was not plain enough and the top of iron gets very hot.



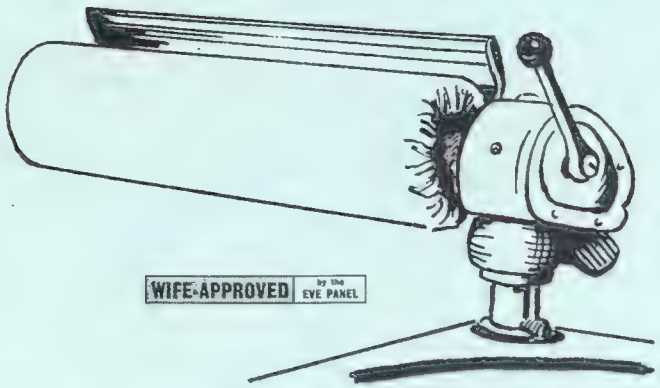
JELSON MX20 by Jelson Electric Ltd., Spring Road, Birmingham. This iron has been designed to give accurate temperature control, and trouble-free service. It has a large element which distributes the heat over a wide area. Weight: 4¼ lb. Finish: chromium. Voltages: 100 to 250 AC. Loading: 800 w. Price: £2 14s. 11d.

Mrs. MacKenzie: Neat well-designed iron with a sharp-pointed front. It has weight without being clumsy to use. Heats up quickly but does not seem to lose much heat when the thermostat is set at lower temperatures. I found it advisable to wait for it to cool before ironing silk.



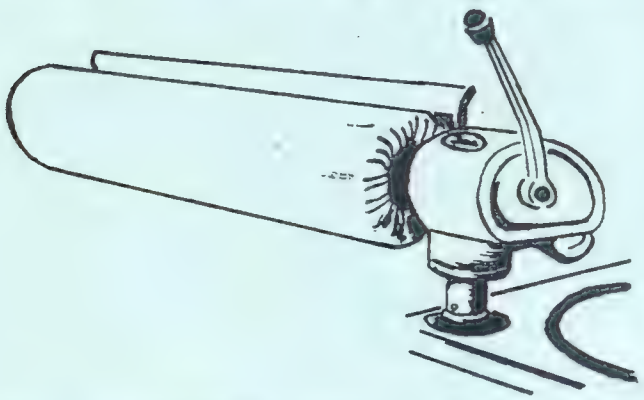
TRAVELLA by L. S. Mayer (London) Ltd., Essex Road, London. A travelling iron claimed to compare with a good full-sized iron. It has a preselector dial, pilot light, bevelled soleplate and is well finished. Weight: 1½ lb. Finish: chromium with red or black handle. Voltages: 110 to 250 AC. Loading: 450 w. Price: £2 4s. 11d. Leather case, £1 6s. 6d. extra.

Mrs. Goodwin: Works like a charm. A miniature iron with all the good points of a full-size iron: defined point, control knob, pilot light. Fitted with a universal fitment and can be used anywhere. But it never got sizzling hot.



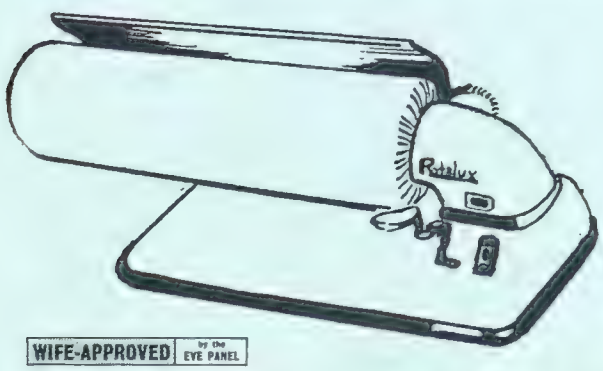
G.E.C. ROTARY IRONER by General Electric Co. Ltd., Kingsway, London. For use with G.E.C. washing machine. Thermostatically controlled. 26-in. blanket roller has a detachable cover. Stainless-steel shoe gives constant pressure whether a handkerchief or a sheet is being ironed. It can be adapted for pressing pleats. Finish: white stove enamel. Voltage: 200 to 250 AC/DC. Loading: 1,200 w. Price: £30 4s. 4d.

Mrs. Goodwin: Excellent to use, gives an extremely good finish. Very easy to manipulate and very safe. Needs practice to get the hang of a rotary iron, but I would certainly buy one if I could afford it.



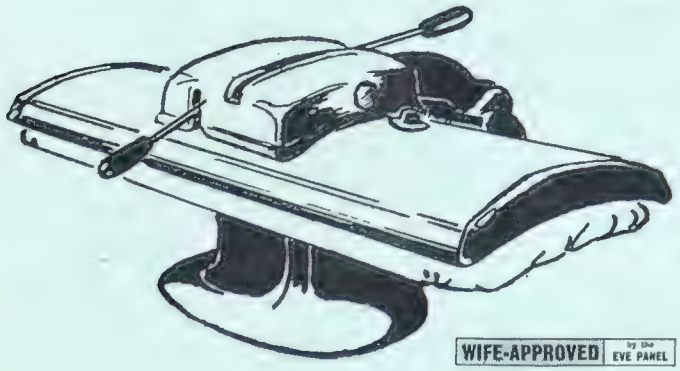
SERVIS ROTARY IRONER by Wilkins & Mitchell Ltd., Darlaston. For use with Servis washing machine. The 26-in. roller is wrapped with padding, canvas and removable cover. Stainless-steel shoe has an electric heating element built in it with temperature control mounted on the back. Heats in three minutes. Finish: cream or white. Voltage: 100 to 250 AC. Loading: 1,200 w. Price: £34 0s. 4d.

Mrs. Goodwin: The space between the shoe and the roller is not sufficient: I found it difficult to manipulate when slipping shirts into position. Good finish and pressure.



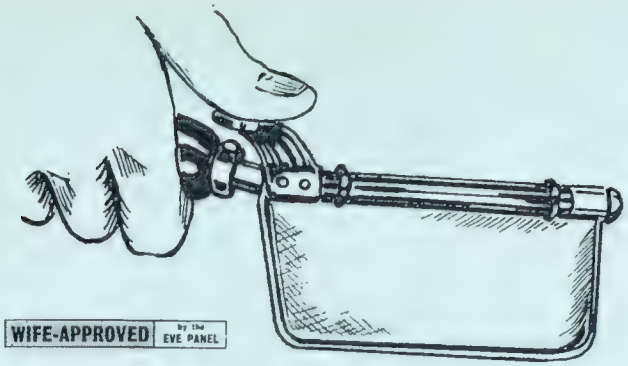
ROTALUX ROTARY IRONER by Silican Water Softeners (Domestic) Ltd., London. Free-standing ironer. The 21-in. roller is well padded and has detachable folder. Thermostat controlled gives three variations of temperature. Pilot light, heating element switch, detachable control handle, non-slip rubber guard on base. Finish: white. Voltage 200 to 250 AC. Loading 1,210 w. Price £37 8s. 9d.

Mrs. MacKenzie: Excellent for linens, needs practice to be proficient with shirts. One drawback, heat control switch is placed at the back of the hotplate. It is not a substitute for an ordinary iron but a most useful addition. I would buy one if I could afford it.



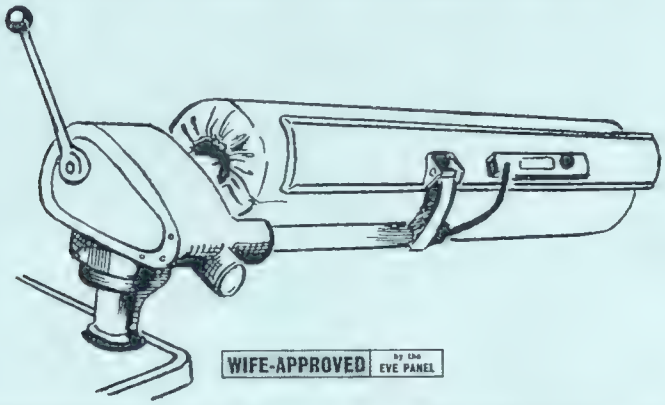
HOTPOINT TABLE IRONER by Hotpoint Electric Appliances Co. Ltd., Aldwych, London. A free-standing flat-bed ironer. Heat controlled by two thermostsat, ironing surface 266 square inches, detachable washable cover. Shoe is of extruded aluminium, matt-finished on ironing surface. Finish: cream or white. Weight: 36 lb. Voltages: 100 to 250 AC. Loading: 1,350 w. Price: £36 15s.

Mrs. Banks: Heats very quickly, and is efficient at all temperatures. Selector dials clear, and the second is most useful when using only half the iron. Good for straight articles, but gathers and frills are not so easily nor so well done as by hand.



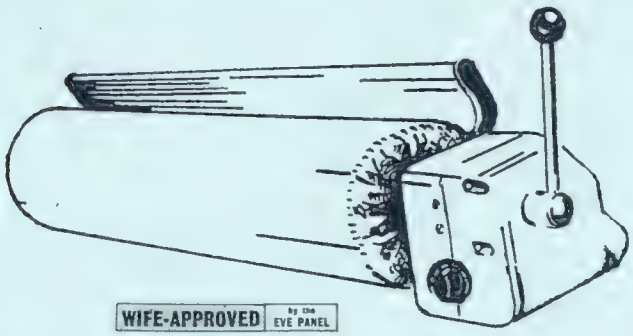
TROUSER PRESSER by Pifco Ltd., Watling Street, Manchester, Ideal heat creaser for trousers, collars, pleated skirts, ties. No damping or ironing board required. Heat resisting handle with thumb operated lever and chrome-plated blades. Voltages: from 100 to 250 AC/DC. Loading: 50 w. Price: £1 6s. 3d.

Mrs. Goodwin: Easy to use, heats quickly, and would be a "must" in a home with sons and husband. Not always necessary for a woman's clothes (not enough pressable pleats!) No pilot light. Rather on the light side in weight but, apart from that, very effective indeed.



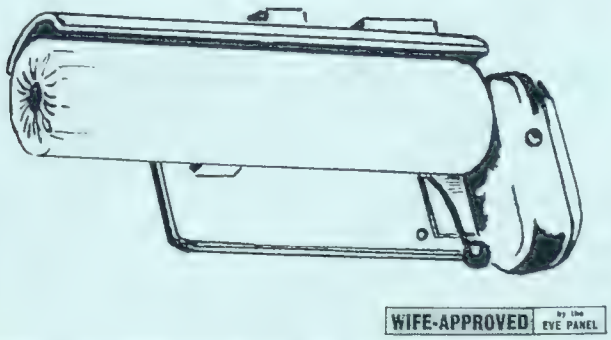
ENGLISH ELECTRIC ROTARY IRONER by English Electric Co. Ltd., Domestic Appliance Division, Liverpool. For use with English Electric washing machines. Thermostatically controlled. The 26-in. roller is well padded with a detachable cover. Stainless-steel shoe. Comfortable working speed of 9 ft. per minute. Roller swings into eight different working positions. Voltages: from 100 to 250 AC. Loading: 1,200 w. Price: £30 16s. 6d.

Mrs. Goodwin: Not so much time as labour-saving to use a rotary iron, but results excellent. Easy to handle, safe, very good pressure, and at high or low heats good finish.



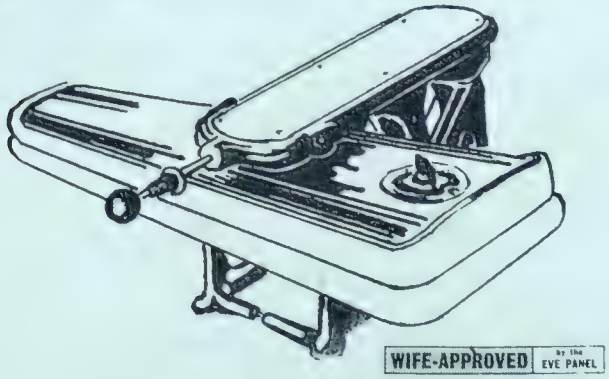
ADA ROTARY IRONER by Ada (Halifax) Ltd, Halifax. Available for use with the Ada washing machine or as a free-standing model. The 26-in. blanket roller has a removable cover. Solid aluminium shoe has a surface area equal to ten irons. Heats in two minutes, fitted with 6-point heat indicator. Finish: cream or white. Voltage: from 200 to 250 AC. Loading: 1,200 w. Price: £29 4s. 6d., free-standing model £49 6s.

Mrs. Gaze: Energy saver but I found it only a little quicker to iron this way. Gives a good finish and can be adapted for hand pressing. But a hand iron is still a necessity.



MORPHY-RICHARDS "OPRIM" ROTARY IRONER by Morphy-Richards Ltd., Conduit Street, London. This free-standing rotary ironer is thermostatically controlled. The 22-in. blanket roller has a removable outer cover. Chromium-plated shoe. Finish: cream stove enamel. Voltages: 110 to 250 AC only. Loading: 1,110 w. Price £39 18s. 6d.

Mrs. Gaze: Very neat, it heats up quickly and is efficient for most ironing and excellent for sheets. It has an easily operated hand lever and an indicator light. The stopping switch for pressing is more accessible than in some other machines. If I had the money, I would buy one.



EZY-PRESS IRONER by Parnall (Yate) Ltd., Neasden, London. Free standing flat-bed ironer with ironing surface of 274 sq. ins. Ironing board is of resin-bonded multi-plywood which is moisture-proof and heat-resisting. Aluminium alloy casting shoe. Finish: plum stove enamel crackel finish. Voltage: 200 to 250 AC. Loading: 1,250 w. Price: £30 9s.

Mrs. Selley: Wonderful. The answer for the person who does all the family wash—the bulk of ironing is done in half the time. My husband and I were very pleased with the ironer (he pressed all his suits on it). If the ironer was 3 ins. longer, sheets could be ironed in one operation.

THE WIVES SUM UP...

. . . and give a special cheer for steam irons

AN electric iron is a "must" in every home. Yet the panel was astounded to find that there were so many models on the market. We were confronted with a forest of irons with yards of flex snaking away into the distance!

Here are the panel's impressions, after sorting out all the pros and cons:

For £30 you can buy one of the large **TABLE IRONS**, rotary or flat-bed, which press trousers, iron sheets and do shirts as well as the laundry. (Mrs. Mackenzie's husband, lured by her *Rotalux*, ironed his own shirts! 8 lb. of laundry in one hour.)

At work (from left) panel-members Mrs. MacKenzie, Mrs. Selley, Mrs. Gaze, Barbara Riches (EVE Home Editor), Lady Pakenham, Mr. Brittain, Mrs. Banks and Mrs. Goodwin

The advantages of these big fellows? **1.** You can SIT to iron. "Standing," remarked Mrs. Goodwin, "is always the most exhausting part of ironing." **2.** The job will have a professional finish, particularly if you ask the instructor to show you how to fold the clothes. **3.** They are great *labour*-savers, though not necessarily *time*-savers.

Mrs. Gaze found the slow-motion boring, and frankly preferred to do her ironing by hand—"It's more interesting." But Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Selley hotly disagreed—though they both felt you need a hand-iron as well as a table-iron, to finish off babies' clothes, frills, etc.

One warning—from Mrs. Selley: "There's no risk whatever of scorching *clothes* with these big irons. But mind your *hands*. I burnt mine before I learnt to handle the machine properly."

Next type: **STEAM IRONS**. To use a word popular in jiving circles across the Atlantic, these irons "send" the panel! Since most steam irons can be used as dry irons as well, they combine the best of both worlds. And what a boon to be free of wet cloths and damping!

Mrs. Mackenzie described them as "an excellent development"; Mrs. Gaze felt they were "very labour-saving and efficient"; while Mrs. Banks found them "ideal." She used the steam for cotton frocks, velvet, trousers and skirts, the dry for woollens and materials requiring a lower heat.

Always steam-iron light fabrics with a very low temperature number.

Finally, I put it to the panel: Is there any way in which steam irons could be even better? Came three suggestions:

1. The soleplate (bottom) of steam irons is not so slippery as in dry irons. The surface is therefore inclined to drag over the material. Mr. Brittain agreed that this could be improved, though surfaces may become smoother with use.

2. In some models the water does not last long enough. (The panel noticed variations in water duration from 15 to 45 minutes, according to the model.)

3. Why not an indicator to show when the water is used up?

If you have not the extra cash to spare for a steam iron, there are plenty of **DRY IRONS** to choose from. Watch for these points, when you are deciding which iron to make your "Housewives' Choice."

SHAPE. The panel voted unanimously for a sharp, defined point to the iron, thus making it easy to get in and out of gathers, collars, etc. Mrs. Banks also wanted "a good angle to the soleplate," and Mrs. Gaze liked "a slope down towards the back."

WEIGHT AND BALANCE. The weight should be evenly distributed, so that hand-pressure is not needed to counteract a top-heavy back or front. (The ingenious "tip-up" iron, illustrated overleaf, displeased Mrs. Mackenzie because the balance felt all wrong. But it might be the salvation of a chronic clothes scorcher!)

Despite the makers' assurances that good ironing depends on *heat* not *weight*, most of the panel preferred a fairly heavy iron (about 5 lb.) Handling lightweight irons only made them press harder, thus using up more "elbow grease." Is this desire for weight a mere habit? Or does weight-plus-heat really give the best results of all?

Anyway, the "lightweights" had a champion of their own. "My *Bride's* iron (G.E.C.)" countered Mrs. Goodwin, "was specially light, and gave as good—or better—results than my own heavier electric iron at home."

HANDLES. Must be well-balanced and allow sufficient space between the hot cover of the iron and the hand. Avoid clumsy handles.

BUTTON NOTCHES. An ingenious device which, alas, does not always work. Mrs. Banks found her *Hotpoint* iron had the best notches. The buttons simply slid into them, instead of having to be wiggled and wangled in, as with other models. The panel, after experiment on Mrs. Selley's cardigan, decided efficient notches depend on a sharp point to the iron and deep notches shaped like a bow.

COLOUR. All found gay colours easier on the eye than cream or chromium. "Chromium gets a tarnished appearance after a time," said Mrs. Mackenzie. And Mrs. Gaze thought plastic covers were less likely to burn one's hands.

FLEX. Mrs. Banks was the only member of the panel to test a *revolving flex*. Her comment: "Extremely convenient in all positions." Mrs. Gaze longed to try one. Her opinion of the ordinary flexes joined to the side of the iron was not flattering: "The flexes without exception got in the way, and a revolving flex is essential."

THERMOSTAT AND DIAL. A thermostat is an absolute "must." The panel emphasized five points about the dial: It should not be so loose that it slips round accidentally to the wrong temperature; it should be marked with names (hot, cool, etc.) not numbers, and a clear arrow or other indicator; an "off" mark is useful; a pilot light is essential.

★ *Members of the EVE panel are: Lady Pakenham (chairwoman), mother of eight children: Mrs. Jeanne MacKenzie, 34, mother of two; Mrs. Sheila Banks, 30, mother of three; Mrs. Anne Gaze, 25, with two children; Mrs. Antonia Selley, 36, mother of five children; Mrs. Suzanne Goodwin, mother of three children. And Mr. J. V. Brittain, an expert on electric equipment.*

BANK HOLIDAY AT CANNES... (OR WAS IT AT BRIGHTON?)

I was sure they'd be there—chic, sophisticated, elegant. And I'd be in my one-piece schoolgirl swimsuit, says PHOEBE WINCH

There were even floral dresses and woolly vests on one of the world's most glamorous beaches

MY husband said he HAD to go to Cannes. On business, with all expenses paid and the best hotel in the place. He HAD to go, he said, and how would I like to come along?

So there it was—my dream holiday, lounging with the stars on one of the world's most sophisticated beaches, in the luxury of Cannes' best hotel (which means, of course, one of the world's best hotels.)

The guide books gave it all the stars they could muster and described it variously as de luxe, an international luxury hotel and a palace. It was the sort of hotel that we had never stayed at before—and almost certainly never will again.

All sorts of problems arose. I wondered, inevitably, what to wear, how to behave, how to look as though all this was my natural milieu.

Then there was the question of the *beach.* Would my very old swimsuit which I've had since I was at school (why don't they ever wear out?) be a success at Cannes? I knew from fashion magazines that these days "beach wear" consists of an entire wardrobe—tents turn into skirts, skirts into shorts, shorts into tops and tops into blouses. And the whole ensemble into an evening dress for those magical Mediterranean nights under the stars. There were, I knew, even beach cosmetics which didn't run in the water.

☆ ☆ ☆

Then what to *do* on the beach. People on the Riviera obviously didn't just go *swimming,* they went underwater diving and surf riding. *Would I be alone in gingerly prodding the sea with one white toe before splashing into my own sort of bouncy breast-stroke which involves an immense amount of muscular effort for very little progress?*

We decided to drive to Cannes, staying each night at small hotels and bars described in the guide books as varying from Simple—("hot water can be brought from the kitchen"), to Some Comf.—("clean and well run but doesn't boast hot water in the taps") and Comf. ("there are adjuncts of modern comfort . . . but we do not know whether the hot water runs hot").

The result of all that was that we arrived at our hotel in Cannes looking . . . well, NOT like the other people who were arriving in their Mercédès and Jaguars, with matching luggage, and, for some reason, already well tanned.

But a five star hotel has five star manners and no eyebrows were visibly raised as we were shown to our room.

This was huge, thickly carpeted, with a balcony overlooking the sea and a bathroom with every conceivable mod. con., including six towels and a bathrobe which were changed twice a day.

☆ ☆ ☆

Still feeling absurdly like new boys (and hoping that soon we would be trailing wet bathing suits through the hotel lounges and scattering sand on the palatial carpets in the best boarding-house manner) we put on our best clothes—my husband his new lightweight suit, and myself my new cotton dress—and went out to stroll down the Boulevard Croisette.

We were horribly overdressed. All around us, with the informality and casualness which is the perogative of the rich, were men in shorts and open necked shirts and women in strapless tops and the smallest, shortest shorts over the smallest, neatest little bottoms.

We went back and changed—only I put on a skirt over my swimsuit instead of short shorts, because my bottom is neither small nor neat.

We went to investigate the situation on the beach and soon found out that there are beaches you pay to go on with mattresses you pay to lie on, and beaches you don't pay to go on with deckchairs you pay to sit on. *These beaches were all part of the same long beach, but the public one was just that little bit nearer the sewer. It was on this beach that I spent my days while my husband worked.*

I was rather dreading my first appearance, but apart from a few gorgeously brown young teenagers romping about in dangerously brief bikinis, the inhabitants of the beach were all prefectly normal. *I couldn't see one beach wear ensemble, one natty little beach bag, or one pair of false eyelashes, guaranteed waterproof.* Everyone wore bikinis or one-piece swimsuits like mine, spread themselves with the cheapest kind of sun tan oil and left it at that.

There were French families with children building sand castles, women trying to go brown, not red, men looking incongruous in bathing trunks and staring vacantly out to sea. *There were even a few fat women in floral dresses and old men in strange woollen trunks and grey knitted vests.*

☆ ☆ ☆

And the sea was generously sprinkled with bobbing heads, even if, far away on the horizon, the surf riders sped round the bay.

One day on the beach I found myself sitting next to the sort of women I had hoped (and dreaded) to meet everywhere. French, with peroxided hair which managed to look chic instead of slatternly, trailing poodles, wearing bikinis and painting their toe-nails.

Now and again we got a glimpse of the glamour we had always imagined Cannes would have. We saw the Dockers' yacht, *Shemara,* moored next to an even bigger yacht . . . we saw Queen Saroya in the Casino, wearing a cotton dress and no make-up, but playing Chemin de Fer with chips worth £250 each . . . we saw people actually *buying* the clothes in the boutiques which changed their windows twice a day. . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

By the time we left Cannes we felt quite at home—although we will always prefer Some Comf. to five star luxury. *But I know now that all that Riviera mystique put over by the fashion magazines, the gossip writers and the press photographers is just a lot of nonsense.* There is no need to feel like a poor relation. If you like blue sea and lots of sun and sand, you can have a wonderful holiday on the Riviera in a cheap hotel—with one old swimsuit and lashings of sun tan oil.

8872

BRITANNIA and *Eve's* VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

THREE FOR FLATTERY

Blouses are blossoming into fashion bringing their own very special sort of flattery—delightfully feminine and fragile—wonderful economy in sewing time and money

8952

Left: we've chosen a pattern that epitomizes the new feeling for femininity in fashion. We played up the contrast between delicate fabric and tailored design by using pale chiffon to make a demure little shirt with Peter Pan collar and soft cuffs. Alternative versions are sleeveless, a mandarin collar or a shoestring bow. Vogue Pattern 8872; 2s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38

Right: a design that couldn't be simpler—or more flattering. Delicate cotton lace is scooped and fitted into a round-necked, cap-sleeved blouse that makes a pretty partner for your favourite evening skirt. An alternative version with long sleeves and high neck is wonderful cover-up fashion. Vogue Pattern 8952; 2s. 6d.; sizes 31 and 32–40

Below right: a blouse that's very simple, very plain—save for the frothy frivolous bow at the neck. Again we used pale chiffon—choose any one of the wonderful marshmallow shades that are colour fashion this season. A day-time version of the blouse has short sleeves. Vogue Pattern 8590, Easy-to-Make; 2s. 6d.; sizes 31 and 32–40

8590

8872 8952 8590

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service.) When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps, i.e. 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., etc.

Fabric requirements below for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in. and 54 in.

No.	Price		Yds.	Width
8872	2s. 6d.	Three-quarter sleeved shirt	2¼	35 in.
8952	2s. 6d.	Round-necked lace blouse	1¾	35 in.
8590	2s. 6d.	Sleeveless blouse with bow at neck — blouse	1⅓	35 in.
		bow	⅜	35 in.

NOW FOR THE AMATEUR

Liqueurs from around the world—gold leafed, spiced, scented with flowers. . . . There is even one to cure a hangover! If you are worried about your amateur status—don't be: here—compiled by an expert—is all you need to know

1. CHERRY HEERING, *Denmark. Best known foreign cherry liqueur. Deep red in colour and sweetened.* 34*s.* 6*d. bottle,* 17*s.* 9*d.* ½*-bottle.*

2. VODKA, *Russia. Distilled from grain or potatoes. Rather dry spirit, no flavour, water white.* 29*s.* 6*d. bottle.*

3. ORANGE CURAÇAO, *France. A sweet, digestive liqueur made from oranges and cognac.* 46*s. bottle,* 24*s.* ½*-bottle.*

4. STREGA, *Italy. A herb liqueur with very attractive flavour. Pale yellow in colour.* 48*s.* 6*d. bottle,* 24*s.* 9*d.* ½*-bottle.*

5. B. & B., *France. Benedictine with an addition of brandy—made to please a man.* 50*s. bottle,* 25*s.* 6*d.* ½*-bottle.*

6. BURROUGH'S EXTRA DRY GIN, *England. Smooth, pure grain gin, for the connoisseur.* 35*s.* 6*d. bottle,* 18*s.* 6*d.* ½*-bottle.*

7. LA TRAPPISTINE, *France. Pale yellow, digestive liqueur with a basis of old Armagnac.* 49*s. bottle.*

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14. CORDIAL MEDOC, *Bordeaux. Thick and sweet, with a distinctive flavour. Claret in colour.* 55*s. bottle.*

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16. APPLETON ESTATE, *Jamaica. A superb rum, mellow with age and bottled in Jamaica.* 36*s.* 6*d. bottle.*

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18. CREME DE FRAMBOISE, *France. A very sweet raspberry liqueur perfect with ice-cream.* 38*s. bottle.*

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20. HALF-OM-HALF, *Holland. Tawny in colour, consisting of half orange Curaçao and half orange bitters.* 37*s. bottle.*

21. DANZIG GOLDWASSER, *Germany. Colourless, flavoured with aniseed and caraway, with flakes of 22 carat gold leaf.* 34*s.* 6*d. bottle.*

22. FERNET BRANCA. *Italian bitters. Wonderful pick-me-up for anyone suffering from a hangover.* 31*s.* ½*-bottle,* 8*s.* 6*d. nip.*

23. IZARRA, *France. Flavoured with flowers from Pyrenees, on a base of Armagnac. Green* 57*s.* 6*d., yellow* 47*s.* 6*d. per bottle.*

24. SLOE GIN, *England. Made from sloes and gin, aged in wood, mellow taste.* 35*s.* 6*d. bottle,* 18*s.* 3*d.* ½ *bottle.*

25. QUETSCH, *Alsace. Dry, colourless spirit from the quetsch (a small purple plum).* 50*s. bottle.*

26. ANISETTE, *France. Water white colour, sweet taste, made from aniseed and spirit.* 34*s.* 6*d. bottle.*

27. CREME DE CACAO, *France. Chocolate in colour, with the flavour of cocoa and very sweet.* 34*s.* 6*d. bottle.*

28. LA VIEILLE CURE, *France. Brown in colour, made from root and aromatic plants and old Armagnac.* 54*s. bottle.*

29. KIRSCH, *Switzerland. Water white spirit, distilled from cherry stone kernels. Sweet.* 48*s. bottle,* 26*s.* 6*d.* ½*-bottle.*

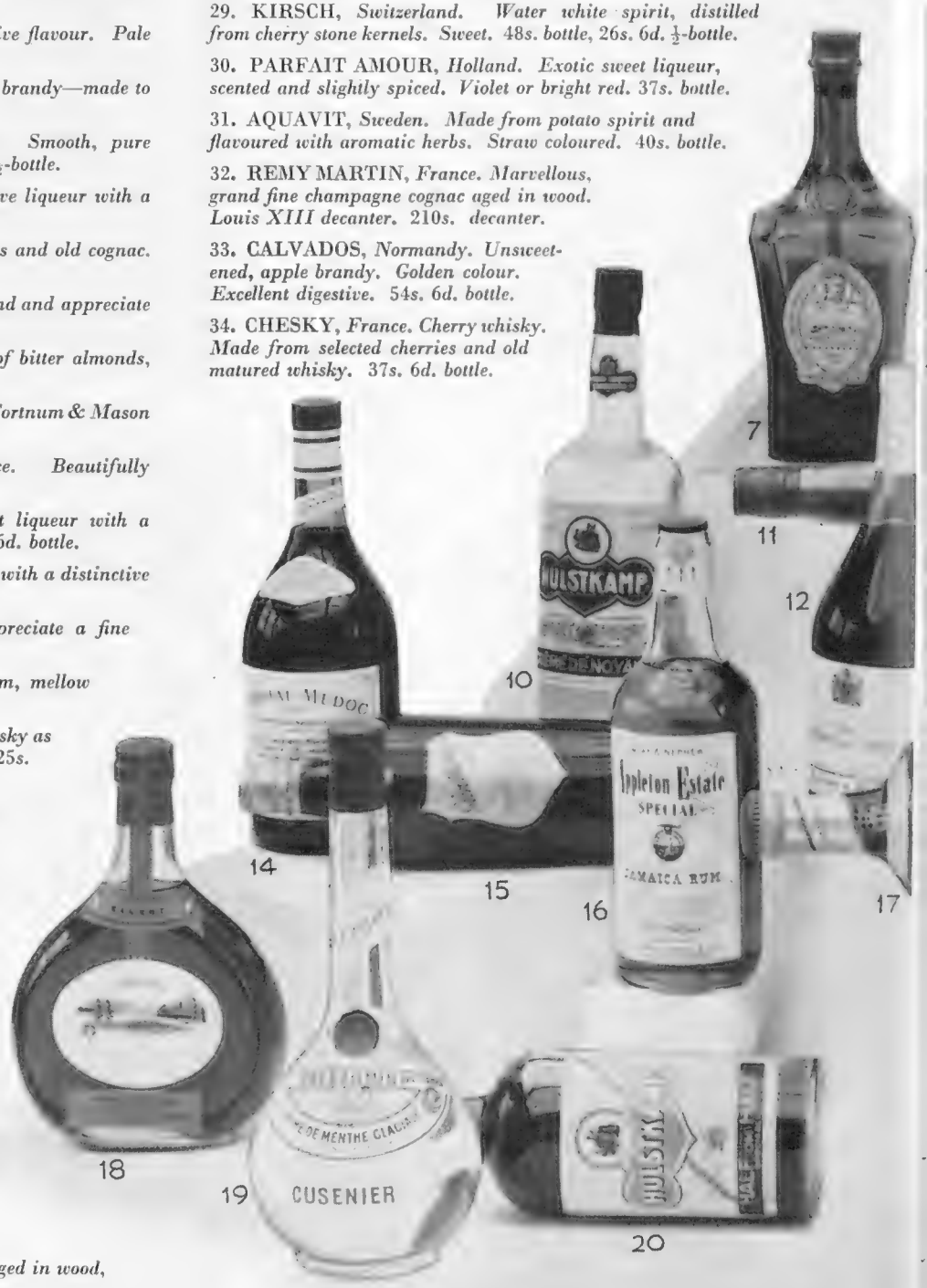
30. PARFAIT AMOUR, *Holland. Exotic sweet liqueur, scented and slightly spiced. Violet or bright red.* 37*s. bottle.*

31. AQUAVIT, *Sweden. Made from potato spirit and flavoured with aromatic herbs. Straw coloured.* 40*s. bottle.*

32. REMY MARTIN, *France. Marvellous, grand fine champagne cognac aged in wood. Louis XIII decanter.* 210*s. decanter.*

33. CALVADOS, *Normandy. Unsweetened, apple brandy. Golden colour. Excellent digestive.* 54*s.* 6*d. bottle.*

34. CHESKY, *France. Cherry whisky. Made from selected cherries and old matured whisky.* 37*s.* 6*d. bottle.*



GOURMET

Exotic as Christmas gifts or a perfect bonne bouchee to round off a gourmet's meal

Photograph by Michael Murray

All available from Fortnum and Mason, W 1

My Cousin From Kansas

(Continued from page 13)

Mother and me—though not with Father. Mother decided to "do over" the guest-room and that meant redistempering the walls and fitting new curtains. The weather was blazing hot, ideal for the beach and sheer hell for grinding away indoors. Frankie and I grumbled loudly. We couldn't see the sense of it.

"The more comfortable we make it for her, the longer she'll stay," Frankie said. "What on earth are we going to do with her anyway? She's sure to be as dull as old dishwater."

"How old exactly?" I asked.

Mother did a rapid calculation and then mumbled with her mouth full of pins, "Well, she can't be far off forty."

"There you are," Frankie said, sullenly slapping on distemper, "a dowdy old frump from the backwoods of America. You needn't expect me to take her around. I'll be ashamed to be seen with her."

DOWN below, Father had retired to the study to compose a note which he gave me to deliver at the riding stable. Owing to the heat the envelope came unstuck in my pocket, so I took the opportunity of glancing at the contents. It said :

Dear Sir,

It has come to my notice that you have been paying more attention to my daughter than is warranted or desirable in the rôle of riding instructor. In view of my daughter's extreme youth and susceptibility, I trust you will see the wisdom of ceasing these attentions before they assume any real importance.

The idea was, obviously, to play the thing down to a level at which it need not be taken seriously.

I thought this rather a cunning move of Father's. But the results were disconcerting.

Early next morning Gawthorne turned up at our house.

I looked out of my bedroom window and saw him standing on the step. He was immaculately turned out, as usual, in whipcord breeches, rough tweed jacket and cap to match. I heard him say to Father, "Good morning. If you have anything to say to me, perhaps you would like to say it personally." Father was plainly flabbergasted.

I couldn't help feeling a sneaking admiration for the chap. He had some spunk.

What the result of the interview was I don't know, because Father suddenly remembered he had to drive to Southampton to meet the boat. He shot out to the garage to get the car, and shortly afterwards Gawthorne appeared. He sauntered down the drive closely followed by Frankie, who, directly she learned that he was in the house, had downed tools and rushed to join him. From the landing window I could see them strolling up the lane together, their arms linked and their heads close.

Frankie returned about lunchtime, looking sulky and defiant. There wasn't a chance to ask her what had happened, because after lunch we were told off to make ourselves look presentable and carry the tea table into the garden, ready for Cousin Millie's arrival.

By half past three we were all arranged expectantly under the pear tree, like a set-piece in a rural charade, filling in time by trying to guess what our visitor would look like.

"She'll have frizzy hair going a bit grey——"

"—or else dyed orange!"

"And a twittery sort of voice. And she'll wear glasses in thin wire frames."

"No, horn rims. Americans always do. . . ."

Then we heard the car coming back along the lane. Zero hour. Father honked the horn loudly, swerved in through the gate at an unusually dashing speed and scrunched to a halt on the gravel. He got out, scuttled round to the other side of the car and handed his passenger out with a sort of triumphant flourish. We shot up in our chairs. Instead of the homely looking figure we had been expecting, we saw a vision from a fashion plate. *Cousin Millie was a knock-out.*

She had the trim willowy shape that was every girl's dream, and the yellow linen suit she was wearing showed it off nicely. I don't know whether her face was, strictly speaking pretty; but it was so lively, so friendly and charming, that it fascinated you at first sight. Her hair was shiny black and cut short into a sleek little cap. She had black lizard-skin shoes, the sheerest of nylons on her slender legs and a choker and ear-rings of huge pearls. She could have passed for my sister, except that no one in our family had ever looked so elegant. I stole a glance at Frankie and could have hooted with mirth at her consternation. We tried to pull ourselves together as the vision advanced on us with outstretched hands.

"HOW very lovely of you to welcome me like this! I'm so very happy and so glad to be here that I shan't even apologize for intruding at such short notice," she said. Her voice was deep and slightly husky, without a marked American accent except that she flattened her a's and pronounced "very" as though it were spelt "vurry." Mother responded to the warmth of this greeting by taking the visitor in her arms and kissing her.

"It's a real pleasure for us, my dear," she said, and sounded as though she meant it. When it was my turn I naturally did the same, at no sacrifice whatever. Cousin Millie's cheek was as soft as a peach and she smelt scrumptious.

"So you're Harry," she cried. "I declare you're just as gallant as your father!"

"Hey, hey," came from Father, fussing with the luggage and beaming all over his face, "keep the young cub in his place now!" Everybody laughed and felt happy and at ease, because Cousin Millie was the kind of person who had that instant effect on you. Except for Frankie, whose nose was clearly out of joint. Mother said, "Let me take you up to your room, dear, and then we'll all have tea."

The pair of them went into the house arm in arm, while Father and I brought in the luggage. When our cousin emerged again she had changed her tailored suit for a flowery silk dress and she looked more stunning than ever. She sighed with pleasure as she sank into a deck chair.

She began to tell us about her sea trip, about Uncle Albert and her home in Kansas.

I don't quite know how it was that she had come to be classed in our minds as a sort of poor relation. It appeared, from the facts that now emerged, that Uncle Albert must be nearly as rich as Croesus. The struggling farmstead turned out to be about half the size of an English county, with thousands of head of cattle, a ranch house with a swimming pool and an army of cowhands, labourers and servants. She had brought us a whole case of expensive presents. There were tins of ham and preserves, huge boxes of what she called "candy," cigars, Indian blankets and silver-studded belts. It was like opening a treasure chest.

WITHIN a couple of days Cousin Millie had settled down with us so contentedly that she seemed to have been with us for months.

Her plan, it appeared, was to spend about six weeks in England and then "take a peek" at the Continent.

Wherever she went Cousin Millie had a good time. She awarded all the credit to us. She didn't see how she could ever repay us, she said, but maybe some day the chance would come.

It came a bit sooner than she expected.

From the start she must have sensed an undercurrent of trouble and tension in the house, try as we might to cover it up. Frankie's manner was cool and guarded. She seldom joined in our expeditions but slipped away on her own—to meet Gawthorne, of course. Mother and Father were worried stiff in case she would carry out her threat of running away with him.

Cousin Millie made it her business to find out what the trouble was. She and Mother were sitting in the garden one afternoon while I was patching up a rustic arch close by. I overheard enough of their conversation to gather that Mother was pouring out the whole story. I caught phrases like "*that dreadful man*"—"*ruin of Frankie*"—"*completely infatuated.*"

It's funny how inspiration comes. While I, listening to this, started to wonder if there was anything *I* could do to help straighten out this wretched business. I hated to see my parents unhappy and my sister drawn deeper and deeper into an entanglement that could only end badly for her.

What was needed to deal with Master Gawthorne was someone who was neither flighty nor romantic, but really grown up and with a (*Continued on page 67*)

DEAR AUNT JACK...

There's a soothing answer for everyone's troubles in the post-bag from Broken Heart Corner

by AMY MOLYNEAUX

ARE they TRUE—those letters written by lovelorn correspondents to the Auntie Jacks of women's magazines? (*"Dear Auntie Jack. Yesterday the new assistant in the greengrocer's dropped a peony into my bucket bag. Is this love?"—Blue Eyes.*)

Many an Auntie Jack, busily answering behind her bead curtain (*"To Broken-hearted. Tell mother at once, dear"*) is haunted by the fear that no one really believes she exists. And if she does—only to invent replies with one hand and answer them with the other.

But mass-circulation magazines with their millions of readers have no need to dream up the pathetic, humorous, tragic—and more often stupid—letters pouring in by every post. (*Dear Auntie Jack. "My fiancé and I plan to marry soon; but I have just discovered that his parents are not married. In view of this, do you think I can still go ahead with my plans for a white wedding?"*)

☆ ☆ ☆

Obsession number one with the fans of Broken Heart Corner is the problem of boy friends : how to get them, how to keep them, how to get them back (after a false move usually dictated by overmuch modesty).

Variations on this theme come up week after week with sickening monotony. At the age of sixteen, the lack of a boy friend is rated the fate worse than death.

Auntie Jack must have progressed well beyond the stage of lavender and old lace to deal with some of the problems that come her way. (*"I am a boy of sixteen and have been going out with a girl of my own age. I am very much in love with her but have found out that she is expecting a baby in about four months' time. I would marry her only I should not like to be responsible for bringing up someone else's child."*)

Auntie must be an expert on a thousand and one problems ranging from the case of the possessive Mum who faints when her daughter goes out with the boy friend to the job of telling a teenager the facts of life (*"Send me a stamped, addressed envelope, dear."*)

Chastity, illegitimacy, adoption, table manners, blushing, suicide—something for everyone goes into the Auntie Jack postbag.

Auntie Jacks must act not only as confidantes but as Citizens' Advice Bureaux, poor women's lawyers, psychological clinics, probation officers and as interpreters for the Ministers of Health, Labour, Pensions, Housing, Education, Transport and Fuel and Power. . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

Their advice is always moral. Auntie Jacks never preach the doctrine that all is well lost for love. They have a good deal of respect for righteousness, but seldom, if ever, indulge in righteous anger—presumably in the interest of maintaining circulation.

Forthright answers are always out; so, even, is humour. But sometimes Auntie Jack allows herself a suggestion of a smile :

"We have been happily married for many years and as far as I know my husband has never looked at another woman. His hobby is sailing and he often goes out alone. He has several times returned very late saying he has been becalmed. I have become suspicious and cannot help feeling that he must take out someone else. Shall I ask him?"—"If you know beyond doubt that your husband is lying, you are quite entitled to challenge him. But surely he is unlikely to choose a lie which could so easily be disproved. Perhaps your knowledge of local sailing conditions is not so great as you suppose."

Auntie Jacks are seldom outspoken in their replies to or about children.

"Alan, my little boy has his own rabbit but he often forgets to feed it. How can I get him to be a bit more considerate?"

Auntie Jack didn't reply : "Forget to feed your little Alan." Her answer was : *"For a child to be forgetful is, I am afraid, only normal. They are forgetful even about things they love most. If you are patient, I think you will find he will improve as time goes on. But do not expect too much too quickly. It is a very good thing for children to have their own pets and gradually to become responsible for them."*

If Auntie Jacks do not always solve their readers' problems, they probably do no harm. But their columns are read by children of sixteen and even younger who obviously take them seriously.

The danger is that they may imagine boy friends are all-important and illegitimacy, adultery and broken homes accepted social realities which can be mended by a letter in a woman's magazine.

The Auntie Jacks found a champion in *The Economist*, who looked at the Broken Heart Corners and declared : "The letters are genuine and the editorial staffs treat them seriously in notably sensible replies."

Many of the letters are so silly that no Auntie Jack could ever dream them up : *"My husband is becoming bored with Baby.*

I tried not to notice it, but tonight he made it so plain I could have wept. I had taken Baby to the welfare clinic and they said how bonny he was. But when I told my husband he said sarcastically: "Oh, I am quite sure he is the most wonderful child in the world, but at the moment I am more interested in my supper which does not appear to be ready. . . ."

☆ ☆ ☆

Auntie is someone the lovelorn correspondents can tell their troubles to—and that is probably more help to them all than her measured advice. But one Auntie Jack who found herself involved in an emotional upset proved the value of advice from Broken Heart Corner.

She decided to write to herself at the office and when she received the letter discovered in it a situation which had figured hundreds of times in her correspondence. So she wrote to herself in the light of her considerable experience, acted on her advice and solved her problem.

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HOW TO KEEP

It's simple, according to a lawyer—but watch out

THE STATELY VOICE OF ENGLAND

Not least among the phenomena of 1955—*which included* **Churchill's** *retirement from Premiership and the announcement of modernization plans for British Railways—was that* **Noël Coward** *took his urbane English manners, his ludicrous English singing voice and his dated English anthems like "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" to Las Vegas, fabulous, roaring gambling capital of the United States—and was a success.*

Such a success that "Variety," *the American show business paper noted for its expressive vocabulary, awarded him its accolade: "Socko." "His stuff has class," it explained.*

☆ ☆ ☆

For being socko twice nightly Coward received a reported £14,000 *a week, though the only comment he would make on that—no doubt with lifted eyebrow and the slightest of shrugs—was: "They do pay most extraordinary money out there."*

Now you can hear how "the Master" triumphed among the gamblers and divorcees of Las Vegas on a 12-*inch Philips long-player recorded during one of his performances at the Desert Inn.*

His programme ranges over his sentimental songs like "Room With A View," his comic ones like "Uncle Harry" and culminates in the most hilarious piece of naughtiness I have ever heard on record—a wicked version of Cole Porter's "Let's Do It."

☆ ☆ ☆

Coward's voice—unlikely to be heard here again except on record now that he has forsaken "this country of ours which we love so much" for lesser-taxed climes—is, he has said, "a composer's voice," having "considerable range but no tune, little music but lots of meaning." I will not attempt to better that description.*

But Coward is, of course, a superb artist. I expect to play this record many times over Christmas. It's socko.

☆ ☆ ☆

Another record that you can take to Christmas parties if you can't sing, recite or play a musical instrument is **Victor Borge's** *"Comedy In Music" (Philips* 10-*inch LP) on which the Danish TV star guys great composers in words and music. Issued a few months back it is still the funniest disc of the year.*—HENRY LEWIS.

* *The Toast speech in Coward's "Cavalcade"*

A HUSBAND...

hilarious new book by an Indian for goondas in your sleeping-room!

DO *you* regard your husband as lord and saviour; your superior in every way? Do *you* obey him—never arguing—and always answer "Yes, yes, my dear" when he speaks to you? Do *you* always get up before him in the morning?

YOU DONT? But you *should* if you want to keep his love, according to the author of an odd new book entitled *How To Win Your Husband* (Angus & Robertson, 6s.).

A joke? I am assured that the author did not intend it as one; that he wrote the book as a serious contribution to marital happiness.

He is an Indian—a lawyer named **Nandlal D. Datta.** And his ideas on the place and conduct of women are strictly eastern.

The publishers, I fear, are not so serious. When they received Mr. Datta's manuscript, tied up with pink ribbon and posted from Indore city, they called in humorous artist Nicholas Fisk to guy the words with illustrations and published it tongue in cheek.

A shrewd move, for Datta's style has an enchanting quaintness and his ideas on Western civilization are downright hilarious.

Consider his caution about the times when your husband is away. "Do not sleep alone but have some child or a senior lady companion like mother, mother-in-law, sister, sister-in-law or your lady guardian if you have one. Your sleeping alone in the sleeping-room is risky and might frighten you during sleep"!

And his warning about cinemas: "Do not visit cinemas and theatres in which plots and scenes are filthy and extremely obscene. When visiting such places go with your husband or other near relative for the sake of your own safety. Goondas and rascals often surround such places and it is very risky for young and good women and children to visit these places unguarded." (Any goondas round your Odeon)?

Follow the Datta precepts, he assures us, and your husband will love you "not merely on account of your beautiful and attractive physical body," not even for the "wealthy dowry you brought to the marriage" but for your "inner qualities of virtuous conduct."

Want my bet? Your husband would leave you—for a less servile, less virtuous woman.

Mr. Datta has written—unintentionally—one of the funniest books of the year. I understand he has now completed a companion volume for men: *How To Win Your Wife.* I can hardly wait.

☆ ☆ ☆

Now for books about three remarkable women and memorable moments in their lives.

First, the President's daughter, **Margaret Truman,** and moments embarrassing . . . LIKE the time her petticoat fell off at a big party in London.

Down went the petticoat in a circle of ruffles around her feet. She snatched it up, and still moving down the staircase, hurled it through the open door of a coat-room where it fell before an astonished and protesting butler. Seconds later she was curtsying to the **Queen,** though, as she says, "You could see through me"!

LIKE the time the front of her first strapless gown collapsed while she was dancing with the **President of Chile.**

Miss Truman tells of these moments in *My Own Story* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.). Trivial and frivolous they may be, but this account of how a schoolgirl film fan from the country was thrust among world statesmen and politics is fascinating.

☆ ☆ ☆

Second, the secret agent, **Violette Szabo,** G.C., and moments of supreme bravery . . LIKE the time this slim and beautiful girl of twenty-three, her Sten gun hosing death, fought single-handed against hundreds of German Panzer troops.

LIKE her obstinate refusal to give away information despite Gestapo torturing. LIKE the final moment when she was led out for execution after watching her friends shot before her.

Violette, one-time assistant in a London Woolworth's, widow of a French officer, mother of a baby girl, went to France like **Odette Churchill** to help organize the Resistance movement. **R. J. Minney's** *Carve Her Name With Pride* (Newnes, 16s.), despite unnecessary prosiness, is the greatest story of feminine heroism since *Odette.*

☆ ☆ ☆

Third, the travelling wife, **Mrs. Anne Sinclair Mehdevi,** American wife of a peripatetic Persian businessman, and the moments bizarre . . . LIKE the time her first baby arrived early and instead of having him in the clinical, sterilized theatre of a Los Angeles hospital as planned, she found herself in the cob-webbed, adobe-walled Sanatorio of a run-down Mexican fishing village.

LIKE the time when she had to entertain single-handed for many days a formidable Persian woman relative of her husband's. Neither spoke the other's language and their only common ground was a card game. So Mrs. Mehdevi had to play belote all day, day after day—in silence.

In *From Pillow To Post* (Gollancz, 16s.) Mrs. Mehdevi writes entertainingly of her eleven years of marriage during which she has kept house and dealt with servant problems in nineteen different homes in six different countries.—

—Anthony Davis

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

COUNTRY DIARY

BY

Phyllis Baker

Robins through the letterbox

CONTEMPLATING a snowy landscape with a beady eye, jauntily perched upon a holly spray or most improbably gathered in numbers on a frosty fence, robins are arriving through the letterbox on dozens of Christmas cards.

Of all the wild creatures of the country the robin is the closest in his association with man. Unafraid, independent, pugnacious in defence of what he claims as his own, he commands our respect and affection. He is without the cruel habits of the birds of prey, the nervous excitable disposition of the blackbirds and thrushes or the fussy ways of the finches.

He is one of our tamest birds, and in hard weather will soon become accustomed to taking titbits from the hand and even enter a house to feed.

The trust the robin has in us is not misplaced. Contrary to Continental practice, the robin is no longer eaten in this country, and man—and the gardener in particular—provides well for him. As the soil is overturned so the bird will come within an inch of the spade to devour the succulent grubs.

Then, satisfied, he will perch on a nearby tree and sing vigorously and sweetly to warn away any other robin who dares to trespass on his territory.

☆ ☆ ☆

The robin's song is particularly noticeable in the autumn when he seems to be establishing a feeding area at the approach of the hard conditions of winter. His song is usually sufficient to make an intruder retire, followed to the limits of his territory by the bird in possession. Most hens migrate in autumn. Those that remain defend their own boundaries like the cocks and not until the pairing season begins near the end of December do the hens leave their own territories to join those held by their mates. Then they will defend them together against other birds.

The robin makes great show of his red breast in his defensive behaviour and if the intruder is very persistent will display it with great ostentation, singing loudly.

The robin, pursuing his solitary existence, rarely threatens birds of other species. But I have seen a robin swoop to harry several sparrows feeding at a bird table. They flew off to return again when the robin had retired to another part of his territory.

Although male and female will live in the same area for some weeks, they show no sign of courtship apart from mutual toleration. The hen, unaided by her mate, selects a site, usually near the ground, and builds a cup-shaped nest of leaves and moss lined with hair in late March or April.

It is well concealed and usually situated in a hole or depression. Robins have been known to choose curious nesting sites—old books, kettles, workshops, scarecrows, and even cars.

☆ ☆ ☆

She will usually lay a clutch of five eggs, white in colour speckled with rusty brown spots, and closely incubate them for a fortnight, fed at intervals by her mate. When they are hatched, both parents feed the young, mainly on caterpillars and wire worms, so the value to the gardener of a pair of breeding robins is immense. After leaving the nest the cock will continue to care for the young birds until they are independent—giving the hen an opportunity to build another nest and start to raise a second brood.

The young robins have the characteristic shape of a grown bird, but the red breast of the adult is preceded by a speckled brown. Its inexperience in caring for itself was once shown to me by the repeated attempts made by one to pluck a ring from my hand which was resting on the ground.

During the late summer moulting period the robin is retiring, does not sing and presents a miserable bedraggled appearance, emerging into the full glory of its red breast and dapper brown plumage by the autumn, ready to set up a home against all comers.

Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★ Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★ Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★

MY COUSIN FROM KANSAS

(Continued from page 62)

cool head on her shoulders. My speculative eye fell on our cousin, reclining in a deck chair and looking highly decorative as usual. And all of a sudden I had it. *Wham.* Just like that.

In my excitement I let out a whoop—and then pretended I'd hit my thumb with the hammer. It was no use coming out with the idea at once. Mother would only wave me away and say, "Don't be silly, dear," as she usually did when I had one of my brilliant notions. No. First I had to sound out Cousin Millie. I thought she might be sport enough, but you never can tell with women. Their reactions are so jolly unpredictable.

MY chance came that same evening. Cousin Millie said she'd like to come with me for a walk, after her lazy day in the garden. On the way home I tackled her. I said how glad I was that she had now been told about the crisis behind the scenes, because this brought her right into the family circle and made her really one of us. I said how fond I was of Frankie and how tough it was to have to stand by and watch one's only sister heading for a crash that no one seemed able to prevent. Cousin Millie was warmly sympathetic.

"It seems he doesn't even offer to marry her," she said.

"I don't believe he's all that struck on her really. I think he's the sort of chap who always has to have some luscious female around to dote on him, and Frankie is currently filling the bill. I shouldn't think she'd fill it long if there was any serious competition. Perhaps that's what's needed—you know, as a kind of diversionary measure."

There was no answer to that one, so I tried again.

"Would you agree," I went on, shooting a look at her out of the tail of my eye, "that in a desperate case like this *any* way is the right way? I mean, no holds barred?"

"I certainly do. Why, your sister's whole future is at stake."

"Right," I said. And I pulled her over to a seat behind the bandstand and explained what I had in mind.

It wasn't so awfully difficult, though at first there were a few protests and I had to pump some self-confidence into her. You'd have thought that anyone who looked as stunning as she did would have been full of it, but it wasn't so. She was quite shy and modest, really.

"You're flattering me, you know," she said. "What makes you think I would have any chance of success?"

"I'll tell you, if you like," I said. I fixed my eyes on her and let them get sort of misty. "It's because when you come into a room you make every other woman look as if she had her hair in curlers."

"Oh, my gracious," Cousin Millie said, and she actually blushed, "heaven help the girls in this town when *you* grow up!"

We decided to take Father and Mother into our confidence, to get their approval to the scheme. They gave it only too readily—so there were now four of us in the conspiracy against poor old Frankie.

After breakfast next morning I phoned through to book a ride on behalf of Miss Blake. The stable lad answered the call, as Gawthorne was out. He made the usual perfunctory rejoinder.

"Accompanied or solo?"

"Oh, accompanied," I said.

Cousin Millie leaned over my shoulder and said, "By the captain himself, please." Then she looked at Mother and the pair of them began to giggle like schoolgirls.

I WENT down with Cousin Millie to the stables to show her the way.

I noticed that she was made up rather heavily and that she wore a tight sweater in the vivid yellow that showed off her colouring so well. Gawthorne was awaiting us, saddling up.

He looked up in amazement as we entered.

"I thought you booked the ride for your sister."

"No, I didn't. I simply said it was for Miss Blake. This is Miss *Millicent* Blake, our cousin from America."

Cousin Millie strolled forward, slim as a jockey, holding her sleek little head on one side and smiling her most bewitching smile.

"How do you *do,* Captain Gawthorne?" she cooed.

It was really very funny. The chap was struck all of a heap. It wasn't often you saw anything as glamorous as this in our town. When he had recovered he spent what seemed an unnecessary time lengthening the stirrup

(Continued on page 69)

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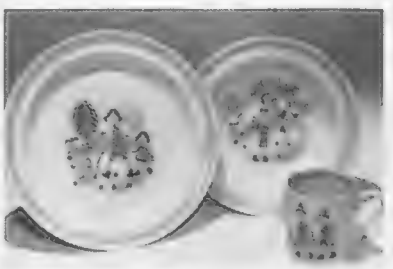
Not only for tiny tots, we think! If you're too old to play with Thumper the Rabbit he'll stand on your dressing table. Plays "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" or other tunes. **£3 2s. 6d.** From Fortnum & Mason, W.1

Boys will be boys—but they do have quieter moments. Exciting new games are Taxi and Robin Hood. Also in the picture, model of a motor lifeboat and a flying-boat. Taxi **£1 7s. 6d.** Robin Hood **7s. 11d.** lifeboat **12s. 11d.** flying boat **8s. 11d.** From Hamley's, W.1

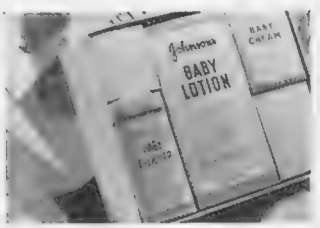


Their very own crockery: child's dinner set, made in Finland, is decorated with cute nursery figures. Three-piece set **14s. 6d.**, postage 2s. 9d. From Eva Hauser Gallery, 281 Finchley Road, N.W.3

Cute, crested and comforting: an egg cup and cosy in one, hand-made and decorated pottery. **12s. 6d.** From Helen Andrew, Great Hormead, Herts

Penguins for the bathroom: bath set by Halex is made of black polystyrene, aptly decorated with white penguins. Bath and nail brush are nylon filled. Set **12s. 6d.**

Baby care: too young maybe to know it's Christmas but never too young to be lavishly looked after. The box contains Johnson's Baby lotion, baby powder and baby cream **7s. 11d.**



MY COUSIN FROM KANSAS

(Continued from page 67)

leathers to Cousin Millie's liking and making her comfortable. Then the pair of them went clattering out of the yard. I grinned as I watched them go. They made a handsome couple all right.

This was the beginning of what proved an intensive campaign. Cousin Millie went riding every day. She and Gawthorne were out sometimes for two or three hours on the downs behind the town or on the sands at low tide. Once while Frankie and I were bathing, they went careering past, laughing at each other. Gawthorne didn't even hail Frankie, though he must have spotted her.

"Gosh, look at that," I said. "What price the dowdy old frump, eh?" It was mean of me, but I couldn't help it. Frankie gave me a freezing stare. I knew she was sick at heart because she had seen hardly anything of Gawthorne for the past fortnight. He hadn't even telephoned.

NEEDLESS to say, Frankie was at daggers drawn with Cousin Millie, but we hardened our hearts to her obvious distress and put up with her tantrums as best we could. From time to time Cousin Millie reported on her progress.

"He's told me all about Frankie and even asked my advice on the best way to let the kid down gently," she said. "I guess you won't need to fret about the affair much longer. There'll be a show-down pretty soon." Her face took on a thoughtful faraway expression. "You know, he's a nice guy really, and he's had some tough breaks. Imagine, with a war record like he's got, and his skill with horses, having to scratch up a living by letting out hirelings. Not to mention never being able to find a woman who really understood him."

"Don't tell me he's pulled that one on you," Father snorted.

"OH, it's true, I'm sure. He's poured out his heart to me. I feel quite sorry for him. It's no wonder he made a fool of himself with a pretty little girl who rolled her eyes at him. He already feels ashamed of himself. I wonder—" she said, "I wonder if I have a right to act this way? Honest, if it weren't for you and for what I promised——" she sighed.

We looked at each other in alarm. Was she weakening now, with victory in sight? We needn't have worried, however. The "show-down" came very next day. Frankie had a phone call from Gawthorne asking her to join him for lunch at a restaurant in the town.

Exactly what transpired at this meeting we never knew. At a shrewd guess I should say that he handed her the usual guff about not being fair to her, and so on. Or he may have come right out with the truth—that all was over between them.

Frankie came home red-

(Continued on page 80)

HELP. PLEASE!

For Christ was born in Bethlehem . . . this is a *family* time of year; a time of year when we have around us those we love. But Christmas means much more than its traditional trappings—the delight on a child's face when the first present is opened, the tree or the turkey.

For always there are homeless children, lonely children . . . and not only children—the sick, the old, the unwanted. And some of these *you* can help this Christmas.

Send to: Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 236 *Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1. The Salvation Army*, 113 *Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. Imperial Cancer Research Fund, Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2. The Church Army*, 55 *Bryanston Street, W.1. Crusade of Rescue*, 73 *St. Charles's Square, Ladbroke Grove, W.10. N.A.P.T., Tavistock House North, W.C.1.*

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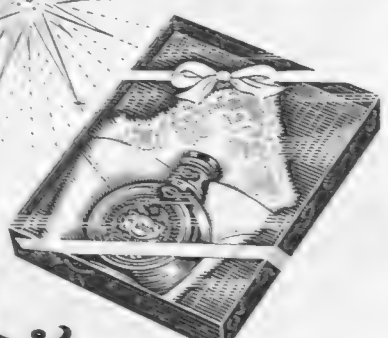

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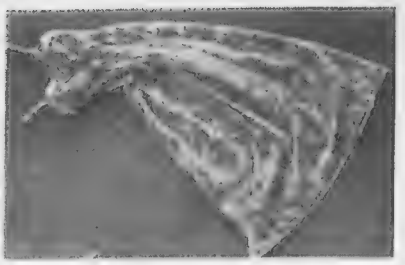


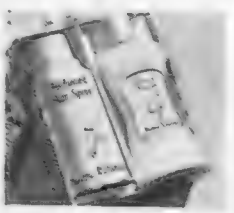
Sheer luxury: a glamorous nylon night-gown "Autumn Fern" in delicate shades of blue and golden-brown. Made by Keystone. **£3 15s. 6d.** From D. H. Evans, W.1

Evening partners: black velvet evening bag heavily embroidered with pearls and gold with a draw-string "neck." About **£1 13s. 11d.** Accompanying belt also in velvet about **£1 7s. 6d.** From the Pakistan Shop at Selfridges, W.1

Christmas parties ahead: tablet of soap by Wiener Galanterie in a striped box **9s. 6d.**; adjustable gilt and pearl ornament for wrist or hair **19s. 6d.**; extra long rope of bronze beads **£3.** All from French of London's salon, 4 Curzon Place, W.1

Peter Scott designs for Jacqmar: "Crowd of Wild Geese," **£2 9s. 6d.** (royalties to go to Severn Wild Fowl Trust). Mistletoe sweater square, **14s. 11d.**; spray ear-rings **£3 13s. 6d.** and **4 gns.** From Jacqmar, 16 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Gilt bracelet **£1 4s. 9d.** From D. H. Evans

Stay-at-home girl: we like these slippers with tapered slacks—sounds strange, looks good. White embroidered with pink and blue beads. About **£1 5s.** Silver ear-rings, long and graceful, **£1 1s. 6d.** a pair. From the Pakistan shop at Selfridges



For her crowning glory: beauty gift set from Helena Rubinstein is made up of perfumed hair spray and Silk Sheen shampoo. The set **£1 1s. 3d.**

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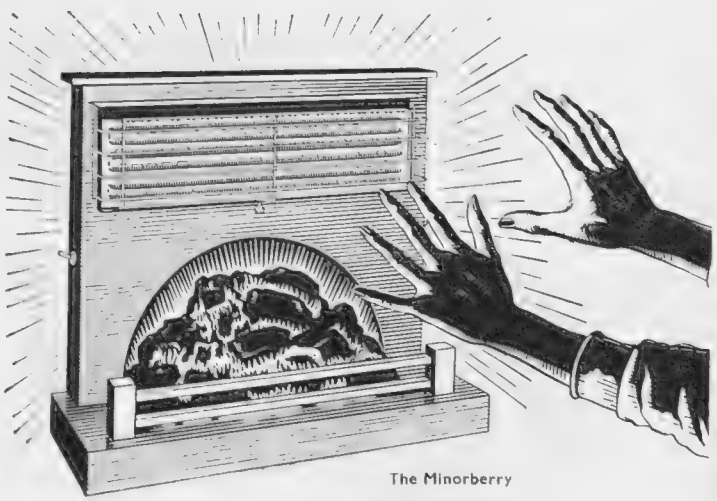

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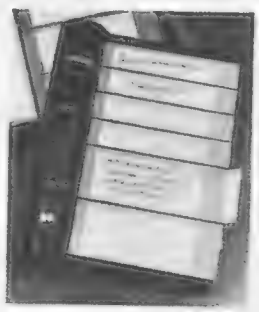
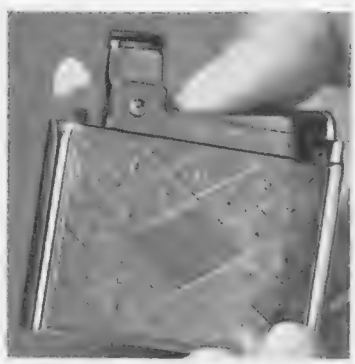
Vintage car enthusiast: give him a hand-cut crystal tankard by Brierley. Has a nostalgic "old crock" design and, just to show it is Christmas, the odd fir tree. **£2 16s.** From Fortnum & Mason, W.1

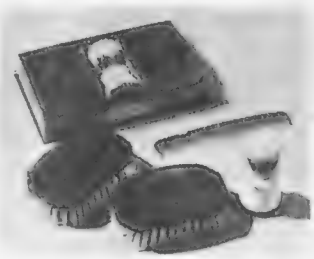
Keep a lighter handy: Ronson "Four Season" has a Wedgwood blue jasper ware base with four white cameos depicting the seasons. **£5 5s.** From all leading tobacconists and stores



No forgotten telephone messages: For home or office use Permapad has enough paper for 100 memos. The paper is fed on from rollers on the left; after use you tear off on the right. From **£1 19s.** Harrods, S.W.1



Latest in pocket lighters: "Allumatic" by Polo can be used for several months without refilling—and no special fuel needed. In figured chrome. **£1 19s. 6d.** From Selfridges, W.1



Travelling type? Then he'd appreciate the "Clubman" toilet set by Halex. Set is made up of a pair of military hair-brushes, shaving brush and comb. In walnut and ivory white. **£1 10s.**

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. . . turn to page 41 for a special message

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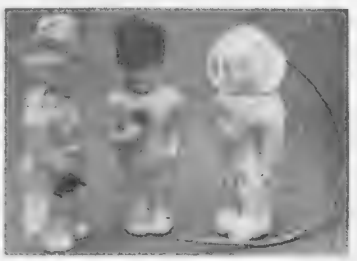
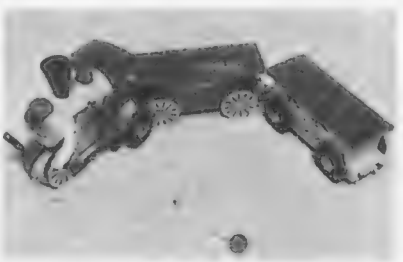
Our little poppet is wearing a paper taffeta petticoat flounced with pale blue and pink net frills. From £1 9s. 11d. From Dickins & Jones, W.1. Her "Pedigree" walking doll is 22 in. high. **£2 19s. 11d.** From Hamley's, W.1

Make bath-time laugh-time: With the cowboy, the Indian and the diver it isn't such an ordeal after all. (Cowboy has his own gun too!) Goya soaps cost **1s. 6d.** each



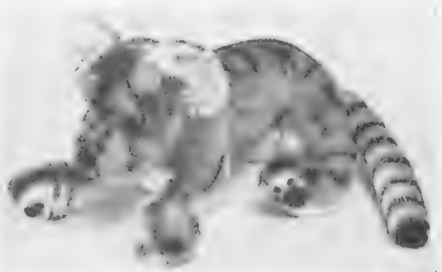
Just like Daddy's: perfect replica of the Standard 10 (other models available), precision built, electrically operated. In blue. **£1 17s. 9d.** The poodle is a paper-weight. **£1 12s. 6d.** Both from Fortnum & Mason, W.1

Mr. Train: a pull-along wooden train in the brightest of colours. The faces painted on the coaches give the first one a slightly frightened look, make the second look coy. **£3 6s. 6d.** From Fortnum & Mason, W.1



Fares please: exactly like the *real* ones! Triang double-decker bus has seats and stairs —and a bell that tings when you pull the bus along. **£3 2s. 6d.** From Hamley's, W.1

No scattered pyjamas when Tiger Tim is around. This nightdress case has a zip across his tummy, real-lookingwhiskers. **£3 15s. 6d.** From D. H. Evans, W.1



FIRST TOUR

(Continued from page 31)

his lined, aged face and his youth. He looked ill and worried, his eyes dull, bloodshot, his legs unsteady.

David said, "You're new here."

"I came after you went on leave, Sir."

"It must have been hard for you. Johnson took over from me. You've been alone since he died?"

"I've done what I could, Sir."

"Of course. This is my wife. Joan, this is Pettigrew, my assistant. The Resident spoke of him."

He helped her out of the lorry, ordering the driver, "Go to the house. We'll walk."

The middle house was raised above the ground on posts, a wooden building, very old, its verandah boxed in at either end to make additional rooms, the corrugated-iron roof rusty and paper-thin, water dripping through the ceiling of rotted planks—dirty-white and stained at the joints by the bats and lizards living above it. She remembered England, the garden in springtime, and there was no colour here and no hope. The forest was all round them pressing inwards, the sky low over the miserable buildings, the rain seeming as if it would never cease. There was no air, only a damp oppression that weighed on her heavily.

PETTIGREW said, "I tried to have it painted. I couldn't get any money."

David smiled, bitterly, "You needn't worry about that. I've never been able to get any funds either. It doesn't matter. No one of importance ever comes to see it."

He was out all day in the office, trying to cope with the backlog of work, to familiarise himself with what had been happening in the division during his absence. She did what she could, sewing curtains and covers for the cushions, putting the few flowers there were in the rooms. When David came in from the office, he said, "It never looked like this before."

"Aren't you glad now you took a wife?"

"Are you sure you can stand it? You don't want to go home?"

"I am at home."

She was the only white woman in the division. Sometimes at night the Doctor came across, or they went to his quarters, but he was a quiet man, elderly, accustomed to his loneliness, reluctant to be disturbed. Pettigrew was often away.

One evening David said, "I shall have to go on tour, Joan. I can't postpone it any longer. I'll be away three weeks." He was silent for a while. "I don't think you ought to come. It'll be too hard for you."

She went across to him, and sat on the arm of his chair. "I won't melt. I see little enough of you as it is." Her hand ruffled his hair. "You've strange ideas about women. We're human, just as you men are."

He argued with her. "I didn't expect to have to burden you with this." He saw the look in her eyes. "Perhaps I could have a hammock made for you. . . ."

She could see the line of light on the floor under the door. The boy came in, carrying a lamp in one hand and a tray with tea in the other. It was cold so early in the day, and she shivered as she dressed. Outside a line of men squatted in the compound. The orderly arrived in a uniform of khaki shorts and shirt, a red cummerbund round his stomach, his feet bare. The interpreter, an old man in a plastic mackintosh and a sodden sun-helmet, waited patiently on the verandah. Two constables and a corporal of police, in blue serge, carrying rifles, marched up to the front door, and stood at ease.

THE carriers chattered and quarrelled about the allocation of the loads. Four of them were grouped round a hammock of coarse, strong rope.

Joan said, "I'll walk for a while," and they moved off, plunging at once into the forest, along a narrow path. Immense trunks of trees towered on either side of them and overhead the branches shut out the light. The undergrowth tore at them with points and barbs and thorns. The ground was soggy, deep in mud, and fallen trees, rotten and spongy.

At times she was carried in the hammock, swaying and uncomfortable, water cascading on to her from the leaves. Often she had to march with the others, sweating, legs aching, feet rubbed sore by her shoes, forcing a smile, knowing that he was watching her.

In the afternoon they began to climb a little, and when she

(Continued overleaf)

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FIRST TOUR

(Continued from previous page)

felt she could go on no longer, they came into a clearing, where there were two huts. The walls were mud and wattle, the roof of palm-leaf mats old and far from weather-proof, the floors muddy and redolent of the sheep and goats that used the place for a shelter.

They sat in their wet clothing, drinking hot, sugared whisky. Later, when the boys had unpacked and she had bathed, she listened as a long line of natives filed past David outside their hut. Each had some complaint—of trespass on their land, interference with their wives, disputes about dowry, assault.

Every day was the same. They got out of their camp-beds in the dark, packed and went again into the forest. Sometimes they crawled on hands and knees, sliding, falling, always in a mist of rain, sweating, shivering, sleeping in dirty huts. Her arms and legs were covered with scratches, and the round blotches of insect bites. She wondered how she seemed to him, and was astonished at his tenderness and inexhaustible patience with her. He did not change, marching unmoved, and when he had seen to her comfort he began his duties among the natives, turning no one away, treating them all alike.

THE Corporal and the constables left, sent to investigate a complaint in a village off their route, and they came to the furthest point of their tour, a compound high up on a gravelly ridge. The wind was cold and biting. There were a few staff huts and a Native court, three of its sides only half-walled, its thatch roof independently supported on bush-sticks. The resthouse was bigger than the others they had used, but no better for that. The boys lit a fire in one corner, and she sat over it, her eyes smarting with the smoke, waiting for David, who came in at dusk, drawn and weary.

He said, "No one's been here since I came last, before I went on leave. The court's full of cases, and the villages are quarrelling with each other."

She pulled him down to her, in the chair.

"It's good to have a wife. If you weren't here, I can't think what would be left in life," he said.

After dinner, they huddled close to the fire in its circle of stones.

Then suddenly, he was running from the hut, swearing. The compound outside was filled with noise and shouting and confusion. She was behind him, seeing a few lanterns bobbing in the blackness, a swaying mass of people. Fear gripped her. Men were running, carrying others between them. She could see leaves wrapped round limbs, lips curled back from clenched teeth, yellow light falling on open wounds. The orderly was there, trying to drive the crowd back, beating them, not into silence, but into a lessening of noise, a low, murmurous hum.

David, in front of her had his legs astraddle, his hands on his hips, asking no questions until he could be sure of hearing the answers. The interpreter materialized beside him and they were both of them unsurprised and calm.

"NOW," David said, and the interpreter's voice was as it always was. "The same two villages, sir—those we have dealt with before. Neither will respect the boundary we made. It is a long time since the D.O. came up here. Little things have been happening, and there was no one near to stop them. Today there has been a fight."

"Who began it?"

"These people say it was the others. The others will say it was these."

The interpreter turned a little, noticed her, and smiled.

"There is nothing to be afraid of, Madam. We have met such things before."

David was in the muttering, angry crowd and saying, "Go back to your village. Nothing else can be done tonight. I will come myself at dawn."

They did not disperse, and the noise was increasing, the voices raised about her threatening, revengeful, and uncontrolled.

"You heard what I said. Do as I tell you."

They were falling back before him and the compound was clearing, the uproar dying gradually as they went down the hillside into the forest to their village.

She asked, "What will you do, David?"

He laughed. "What I always do. Go to both villages tomorrow. Find out what happened. Make some arrests."

She tried to sleep, her mind confused. She lay staring at the bamboo framework of the resthouse, the sticks and poles

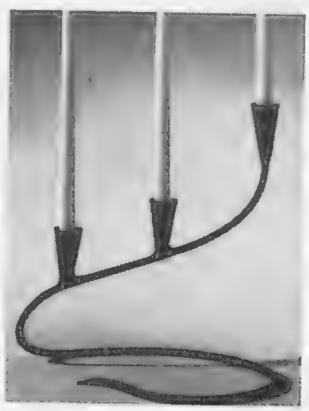
(*Continued on page 79*)

Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys * Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys * Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys * Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys * Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys *

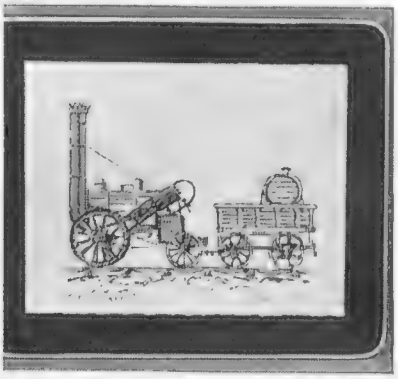
Three delicious sauces by Escoffier with names like magic words. Melba is made from peaches; Alexandra from wild strawberries and Abricoma from apricots. **2s. 9d.** each

Food for thought: Moorhouse's bag (cream plastic) has a Christmas pudding, mincemeat, Chunky cut marmalade, redcurrant jelly, strawberry jam, lemon cheese and Sunglow jelly. **£1 1s. 9d.** From most grocers

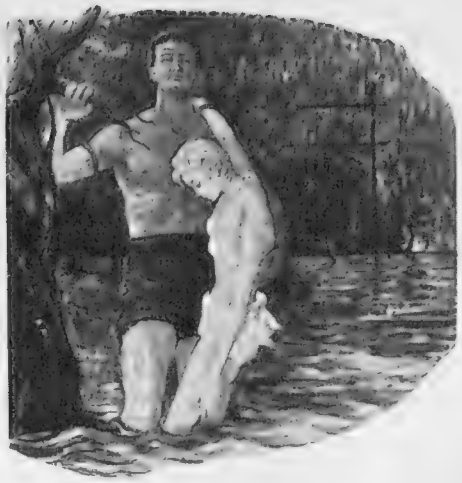
Three in pottery: gaily decorated hippopotamus and bull, **10s. 6d.** each. Name plaques are made to order in about three weeks with any name or name of house. **17s. 6d.** From Ostmo, 23 New Quebec Street, W.1



Elegant three-point candlestick made in black wrought iron. Candles are available in red, white, yellow, green, dark blue and orange. **£1 3s. 6d.** including postage. and candles. From Ostmo



The Rocket: one from a set of six hand-painted table mats showing early engines. Other designs available, including the Queen's Beasts. Set of six, **£4 13s. 6d.** From D. H. Evans, W.1



THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from page 47)

Sharkey turned; his fast stride carried him toward the door. Elizabeth called, "Mr. Sharkey, wait!" He didn't wait. He only paused to say, "You look after the youngster. I'll take care of Donavan." And he went out into the night.

In these same dark hours, Peebles rode ahead of the flood crest in an outboard-powered skiff, going swiftly downriver.

He wore hip boots, wool trousers, a red flannel shirt, still wet from a recent washing, and a fleece-lined hunting coat. The coat was too big for him, but nobody would notice the size of the coat; they'd be looking at the black-and-white armband that said DEPUTY SHERIFF, in big, black letters.

Murphy's moorage was on the lower edge of town; he knew that much. All he had to do was cruise along until he found it. He knew just what he was going to do and say. First, he had to sell the idea he was Murphy's pal, but that was no big chore. When a guy rode a flood like this to tell another guy somebody was on the way to kill him, what could he do but open the door? "A cinch," Peebles told himself.

HE left the skiff moored to a ring bolt and looked around. The office was brightly lighted and empty. The door was not locked. He went in, waited a moment, then called out.

"Hey! Anybody around?"

"Yes!" a voice answered from another room. "What d'you want?"

"Murphy," Peebles said. "Jack Murphy."

A man came to the inner doorway. He was big, a sandy-haired bull of a man; his hands were black, his face unshaven. He needed a bath and his bloodshot eyes said he needed sleep. But there was no look of weariness about him; there was only a look of sullen fury.

"I'm Jack Murphy," he said.

Peebles said, "I got news—news about Bruce Donavan."

"Donavan," Murphy said. "So what about him?"

"He'll be here in an hour or two."

"Donavan's in prison."

"He ain't now. He's comin' here, and he's got the idea he's goin' to kill you. I got here first."

"And who're you?"

"A friend of yours. Don't it look like it? I come a long way and took a lot of chances to give you this dope."

Murphy stared at Peebles silently, the look of sullen fury still unbroken. "Friend of mine, eh?" he said at last. "All right, friend. Come in here and tell me about it."

He led the way into the other room. It was a long room, a supply shed and workshop. Murphy took a bottle of whisky from the workbench, tipped it up and drank deeply. Then the sound of a crash upstream, the splintering of wood and the grinding of metal, jerked his head up. He swore a deep and bitter oath.

"Listen to that!" he said. "Every time that rig swings, it costs me another ten thousand dollars—and there's nothing I can do about it." He lifted a blackened, balled fist. "I could save it with a crew of a dozen men, but they left me! Every one of them left me!"

He stared furiously over Peebles's head, listening until the crashing stopped; then his eyes dropped to Peebles's face. "What about Donavan?" he asked suddenly.

"Like I said, he's comin' after you. I was workin' with him when the Humboldt dike went out. We came downriver together."

"When did you split up?" Murphy asked.

"Tonight," Peebles said. "I figure you'd be glad to help a guy that'd risk his neck to tell you what was comin'."

"I'll think about it."

"That ain't enough," Peebles said. His eyes took on an ugly shine. "I got to have it yes or no. And let's take it by the nose, Jack. If the answer's no, you've got an awful lot more trouble than just Donavan."

"So," Murphy said. "What kind of trouble?"

"I'll tell you this much," Peebles said: "Remember Welch's jewellery store that got knocked over here in town, eight, nine years ago? Me' n' Buck Harris, a safe man out of Salt Lake, did the job. And who do you think fingered the job for us? Johnny Hallock. You know Johnny as well as I do. He's done a lot of work for you, hasn't he?"

MURPHY tipped his head. "I knew Hallock."

"So figure it out for yourself," Peebles said. "It wouldn't be smart to get tough with me. I don't want to, but if I shot off my mouth, you'd be in trouble up to here."

"You know too much," Murphy said.

His expression did not change. There was no preliminary move, no warning, but he was suddenly and violently in motion.

"No—no!" Peebles screamed. "Please!"

Murphy's big body blocked Peebles into a corner until he had twisted the knife from Peebles's grasp. Then his left hand caught Peebles by the throat, and he dragged the small man to the centre of the room. . . . The knife was very sharp.

Murphy's expression did not change from sullenness as he watched Peebles die. He threw the knife far out into the river. Then he went back and got the corpse by an ankle and dragged it out on the outside planking. And then, unhurriedly, he went back to the bottle of whisky, drank deeply, choked and coughed and spat.

The planks were stained where Peebles had died, a crooked trail of other stains led to the edge of the outside planking. Murphy found a bucket and kipped water out of the river to sluice down the planks. He had not quite finished the task, when he looked up to see a lean and silent man standing in the doorway. The man was holding a rifle.

"Would you be Jack Murphy?" Tom Sharkey asked.

Murphy's sullen, bloodshot eyes were on the rifle. "Come in," he said. "Have a drink, and tell me what I can do for you."

The old rowboat that had served Donavan so well was far behind him, abandoned the moment he'd come to the water front. Once in the city, he'd decided to swim, rather than paddle the boat, and the wisdom of his decision had been proved. He'd met two patrols, and there could well be others still ahead.

There was a floating walkway between the shallow water that covered the foot of Williams Avenue and the well-lighted floating building that housed the office of Murphy Construction.

Donavan didn't use it. He went into the water again at the nearest point, sank under it and swam beneath the surface. One long-held breath carried him nearly a hundred yards, and he emerged only a few yards from the building.

Where was Jack Murphy? Why wasn't he fighting the river or driving a crew of men to it? This quiet held the threat of failure—if Murphy wasn't here, where could he be found?

WITH his back hard-pressed against the building wall, he looked around the edge of the office window and found the room empty. He moved along, his back still against the wall, until he came under the first window of the supply shed and shop. Jack Murphy was here.

He was sitting on a stool beside the workbench, the bottle of whisky at his elbow. The heels of his boots were hooked on a rung of the stool, his hands held a rifle across his thighs.

Tom Sharkey was lying on the floor against the front office wall. A dark thread of blood ran from a cut on his bald skull across his face and into the shadows; the unnatural twist of his right arm said the arm was broken. Donavan could not tell whether he was dead or just unconscious.

Donavan went around the building. His bare feet made no sound, the spatter of drops that fell from his wet body and soaked, cut-off trousers was lost in the voice of the flood. He came up quietly to the edge of the open door and paused.

Sharkey chose this moment to regain consciousness, groaning. And Jack Murphy spoke to him. "So you decided to come round. Y'know what I think? I think. . . ."

Donavan reached across Murphy's shoulder and tore the rifle from his hands. Without pause, he turned and threw the rifle into the river.

Murphy lunged off the stool away from Donavan, a curse exploding out of his chest. "So you finally made it," he said.

"That's right, Murphy," Donavan said, and his voice was quiet. "I'm years late. You should have died one minute after Norma died. But you're going to die now."

"I don't think so," Murphy said. "I think you are."

The first blow was Murphy's, catching Donavan high on the cheek. Both big men planted themselves solidly on wide-spread feet and began to hit each other unmercifully. *(Continued overleaf)*

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from previous page)

Murphy backed away, his eyes swinging to the side in search of a weapon. He wanted a lethal weapon and he ran to a stack of tools in a corner and found it. When Donavan came erect he saw a double-bladed axe swinging in Murphy's hand.

He could not contend with that barehanded. But there were other corners where tools were stacked, and a near corner held another axe, a mate to the one in Murphy's hands. Now they were equal again.

Donavan had patience and control learned behind prison walls; he could accept the risk of being struck, waiting for the moment of his striking to be clearly shown. Not so with Murphy. Murphy's savage heart had always hated waiting of any kind. He had no patience and no control. He charged suddenly with a short, jabbing thrust of his blade.

Donavan deflected it—the handle of his axe meeting the blade of Murphy's axe, holding the blade away. Murphy was thrown off balance.... As Donavan had known it would be, it was quickly over.

That night was remembered by Donavan and Sharkey and Elizabeth in separate ways.

For Donavan, with Jack Murphy lifeless on the floor at his feet, with his anger and strength drained away, he saw clearly, he would not forget this night in all his years. He knew he would be called to account for it, if not by men, then by some greater power.

For Tom Sharkey, it was a night of trial.

Donavan could have used the rifle to hold Murphy at bay, but he had thrown it away instead. Was not what followed murder, then?

And yet, without Donavan's intervention, Murphy would have killed Sharkey, an officer of the law. How could the saving of an officer's life by any means be called a crime?

The problem was not one that a man with a clear conscience and a just mind could solve easily.

"I swore you in," he told Donavan, "the minute I saw you looking in the window. He had killed one man; his blood was on the floor and his coat was on the bench.

"And he was going to kill me as soon as I got conscious again. You came in and you gave me a hand as an officer of the law. I'm not going to quibble about the way you handled Murphy. I'm going to say thanks to you I'm alive."

For Elizabeth it was a night of failure. A night of running ceaselessly on a treadmill that carried her nowhere.

Finally she reached the lighted building, only to discover she was much too late. Jack Murphy was lying on the floor in a dark pool. Donavan had done exactly what he'd said he would do, and she had not been able to prevent it.

But there was one small reward she would always treasure. It was Donavan lifting her after she had fallen in the office doorway, and Donavan's quiet voice speaking to Tom Sharkey.

"She'll be all right, Tom," he said. "Don't ever be in doubt of it—this girl is a lot of woman!" Elizabeth had told the truth when she'd said her father was an important man in the state. He was that, and respected too.

A word from him was enough to cause the authorities to bring J. C. Hallock under close scrutiny.

Without Murphy's money, influence and strength, Hallock could not stand alone. His full confession brought the light of truth to the circumstances of Norma Murphy's death.

Elizabeth's father, John Matthews, called them to his home and made them wait to hear why until after dinner.

"Sharkey," John Matthews said, "you're done with Bruce Donavan. In a professional way, I mean. Hallock's confession has been accepted. As soon as the courts can act upon it, Bruce will be given a full pardon."

Sharkey wore his arm in a black sling; he winked at Donavan and smiled at Matthews. "It's a load off my chest," he said.

To look at Elizabeth was to feel warmth, and Donavan looked at her often. There was much yet to learn about this new way of living, and much that had to be thought about. But Donavan could not honestly doubt that soon enough he and this girl would make their way together.

John Matthews began to speak of other things. He had been inquiring into the means by which Donavan could regain at least a part of the company that had been taken from him. His information was promising. A will drawn up when Donavan and Murphy had been partners was still in existence. Murphy, who had lived only for himself, had left no other. Listening, Donavan drew deeply on his cigar and was content. » »

Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★ Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★ Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★

FIRST TOUR

(Continued from page 76)

that served for rafters. The walls were a dark brown, dirty colour, and the beaten earth floor was crumbly and dusty, pitted with tiny craters.

Then suddenly he was leaning over her, saying: "Go to sleep, Joan. I may be away all day." He kissed her, and she was alone again, neither sleeping nor waking, the yellow light growing paler.

He went out, and she got up, dressed and breakfasted. The orderly said, "The D.O. told me to stay here, in case Madam wants anything."

The day dragged. She sat in a deckchair in the resthouse, trying to read, going outside to look in the direction from which he would come. The sun increased in power and the early mist evaporated until she could see the whole panorama of hills and forest, unbroken, with no visible sign of habitation and no movement. She felt remote, utterly cut off from her people.

After lunch the corporal and his two men, called back by messenger, came panting up the path. She expected David to arrive at any moment, and walked frequently to where the path led downwards, the orderly always at a respectful distance behind her. The sun was hidden by mounting banks of cloud, dark and rain-swollen.

SHE could no longer pretend to be busy. The early-falling dusk of the tropics was on them, the outlines of the compound tenuous and wavering, the mists creeping back, the air dank with a fine drizzle. The orderly watched her with large, limpid eyes, his expression sympathetic and full of concern.

It was dark, and the boy asked her: "Madam will take dinner now?"

She shook her head, imagining violence, thinking of David in danger. She looked at her watch, unable to believe time could pass so slowly. She had never felt so alone and so helpless. All her life there had been people around her to call on for help, a telephone nearby, the sounds of civilization to comfort her. Here she was alone—in a strange and terrifying world. In panic, she sent for the corporal. "We can't wait any longer. We must go ourselves."

The corporal looked, not at her in the lamplight, but at his feet, his toes scuffling. "It is dangerous in the forest."

The orderly said, "I will go. I'll go quickly. I will return very soon. Madam should sleep."

"No. No. If you won't come with me, I'll go by myself."

The eyes of the corporal and those of the orderly met for what seemed a long time. Then the corporal shrugged. "Very well. We will go a little way. Perhaps we shall meet them."

She heard orders shouted, and the constables came running, fastening their uniforms. They collected lanterns and began the descent from the compound. It was eerie, terrifying, the lamps making the night seem blacker. She felt the brooding, relentless power of the forest, a strange, primitive evil in the land.

She did not know how long they had been walking. She had no hope and wanted only to lie down and die quietly. The shadowy figures ahead of her were no longer men but abandoned souls as she was. She thought that, unnoticed, they had died already. . . .

SHE did not see the corporal and the orderly stop, and blundered into them, almost falling. Something, someone, hidden in the night, was approaching. Where there had been silence, the forest was disturbed and irritated.

The corporal's arm was raised, and they stood like statues. One of the constables sighed heavily, and the breathing of her companions was loud. She was exhausted, hardly able to keep her feet, pain biting beneath her ribs. Then men, black, unclothed, were all about them, voices ringing in her ears. Her flesh cringed with fear. She moaned, "David! David!" and fell forward on to the path.

There were arms round her, and she could hear her own name. "Joan. It's all right. It's all right."

She could not believe that it was David. The crowd around them was large, and a scream rose in her throat.

"There's nothing to be afraid of. These are only the men who were fighting. I'm taking them back to the station with us," he said.

She murmured, "David! I thought I'd lost you," and he was lifting her, putting her on the rough litter the natives had made.

"Don't be angry with me, David. I'll learn, I know I shall learn."

He was smiling.

"March!"

The procession started to climb to the resthouse. » »

SET A SEAL ON CHRISTMAS!

Buy attractive *NAPT* Seals and Christmas Cards to help the fight against Tuberculosis

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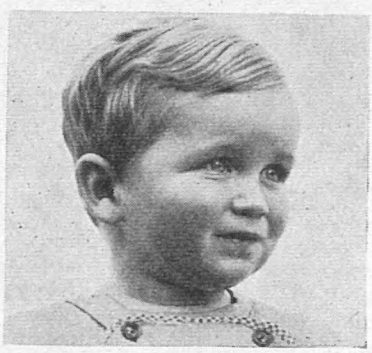
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS • TAVISTOCK SQUARE, W.C.1

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



(Still depend on Voluntary givers)

Please be Father Christmas to our 7,000 boys and girls. Their happiness will be your reward.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF 10/- or of any amount will be warmly welcomed.

Cheques etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 236 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Please send a Christmas Gift to the

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

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Dependent upon voluntary gifts, without State aid, the Fund is under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England. In addition to the continuous and systematic research in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill, London, the work is being extended in the new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

A Happy Christmas

But warm-hearted sympathy is not enough to fill an empty grate and a lonely heart. Please give generously to the

CHURCH ARMY'S OLD PEOPLE'S XMAS PARCEL FUND

This is only one of our many Evangelistic and Social activities and the claims upon our financial resources are tremendous. There is no end to it—and no end to what we need.

DONATIONS PLEASE TO:

Chief Secretary, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1

MY COUSIN FROM KANSAS

(Continued from page 69)

eyed and tragic. She burst into the kitchen were Mother was baking shortbread and announced, "If it makes you any happier, you may as well know that it's all off between George and me, thanks to our dear warm-hearted Yankee cousin. I suppose you put her up to it. Well, you'd have her to thank if I was to drown myself. But don't worry. I'm not going to. I know where I stand. Once *she's* out of the way I'll get him back. You just see if I don't." Then her face puckered and she held out her arms. "Oh, *Mother*!" she wailed.

Cousin Millie was thoughtful.

"I hadn't overlooked the fact that diversionary measures alone mightn't be enough," she said. "It looks as though the cause of the trouble will have to be removed from the scene. This will take a little more time and organization. But I just hate not to do a job thoroughly."

She went on meeting Gawthorne nearly every day and even went to a local dance with him. She came back very late from the dance. Father had to leave the front door key out for her.

AND at breakfast next morning the bombshell burst. We were at the toast-and-marmalade stage when the doorbell rang. Outside stood a messenger boy with an enormous box of carnations for Cousin Millie. There was a note with it in Gawthorne's untidy scrawl. We all stopped talking and waited expectantly while she read it. We noticed that she blushed a little and that her eyes had a sort of starry gleam in them. I don't mind admitting I was as flabbergasted as everyone else in the room when she said, "Well, folks, this is it, I guess. You may as well hear it now. George and I are going to be married—just as soon as it can be arranged."

That's about the end of the story, really. When Cousin Millie's visit ended she went off to Paris, taking her beau (as she called him) with her. They planned to get married in America about two months later.

Frankie took it hard. But after a discreet interval for what Father called "the mourning period," I proceeded to put into operation the second part of my plan. This involved frequent attendance at the tennis club, and, since I could never be described as a keen player, it caused some surprise.

"Here comes young Drobny—the ornament of the tournament," Frankie would jeer as I sallied forth with my brand new racket. I maintained a dignified silence.

If she'd had more sense she'd have known I hadn't any interest in competitive tennis. I was going to the club for other reasons. There's nothing like a tournament for bringing out the likelier young males. What I was looking for was the absolute opposite of George Gawthorne, in looks and every other respect. The one who seemed to fill the bill was Bob Collins, the treasurer's son, a super specimen of the Nordic blond.

I knew him by sight, but it didn't take long to get acquainted. I discovered that he was a medical student and was said to have a brilliant future. I also found out that he was shy and tongue-tied with girls, inclined to look helpless and as if he wanted mothering.

BETWEEN matches one afternoon I complimented him on his play and said I supposed he was good at all sports, including swimming and riding.

"I can't ride," he said. "Never been on a horse in my life."

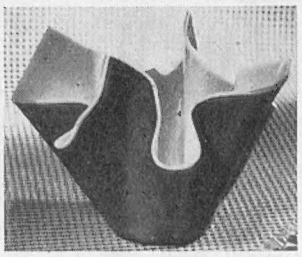
"That's fine," I said. *Next evening I took him home and introduced him to Frankie.*

In due course we received a package of photos and press cuttings about the Gawthorne wedding, together with a note to say the honeymoon was being spent in Florida. But by this time Frankie didn't turn a hair. She was engaged to Bob Collins. The parents on both sides were delighted. It had to be a long engagement, so that Bob could take his finals before Frankie left the nest to become Mrs. Collins. But it all worked out fine.

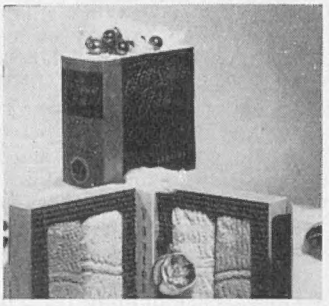
Studying the scene from a post-operational viewpoint I feel I have every reason to be satisfied with it. The last we heard from the Gawthornes they were settled down on the ranch in great bliss and contentment. They have three adopted children and enough horses to keep even Gawthorne happy.

I'll be flying out there shortly to pay them a visit—everything laid on, including the fare. They seem gratifyingly anxious to entertain me. . . . » »

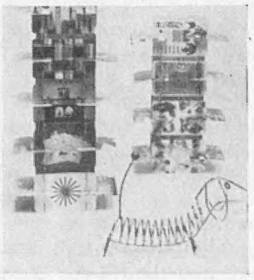
Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★ Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★ Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★ Eve's CHRISTMAS good buys ★ Eve's



The Italian influence spreads to bowls: these "handkerchief" ones are unusual in that no two are exactly alike. In red, black, or yellow opaque glass with white interior surface. **£1 12s. 6d.** and **2 gns.**, according to size. From Selfridges, W.1



"Four Square Faces"—Vantona's solution to the present problem. Four "Joyous Morn" facecloths in blue, green, coral and gold. About **9s. 6d.** From John Lewis, W.1



Keeping the family amused: House of Cards is made up of interlocking cards, each with a different picture on the back. **10s. 6d.**; the perky dachshund is a disguise for a letter rack. **£1 5s. 6d.** From Bentalls of Kingston

Man-sized breakfast cups: "Pajazzo" is made in Finland. Diamond design available in blue, red and brown. **14s.** each, **1s. 9d.** postage. From Eva Hauser Gallery, 281 Finchley Road, N.W.3

Toddlers to teenagers—and even beyond. It's our guess that you're never too old to appreciate something like this Hummel figurine, "The Little Sweeper." Costs about **£1 7s. 9d.** From Lawley's, Regent Street, W.1

And lastly—to wrap them in: The Spicers Gaywrap range is wide and and varied with 48 different designs. In shops and stores throughout the country, **2d.** to **4d.** a sheet

1.12.56

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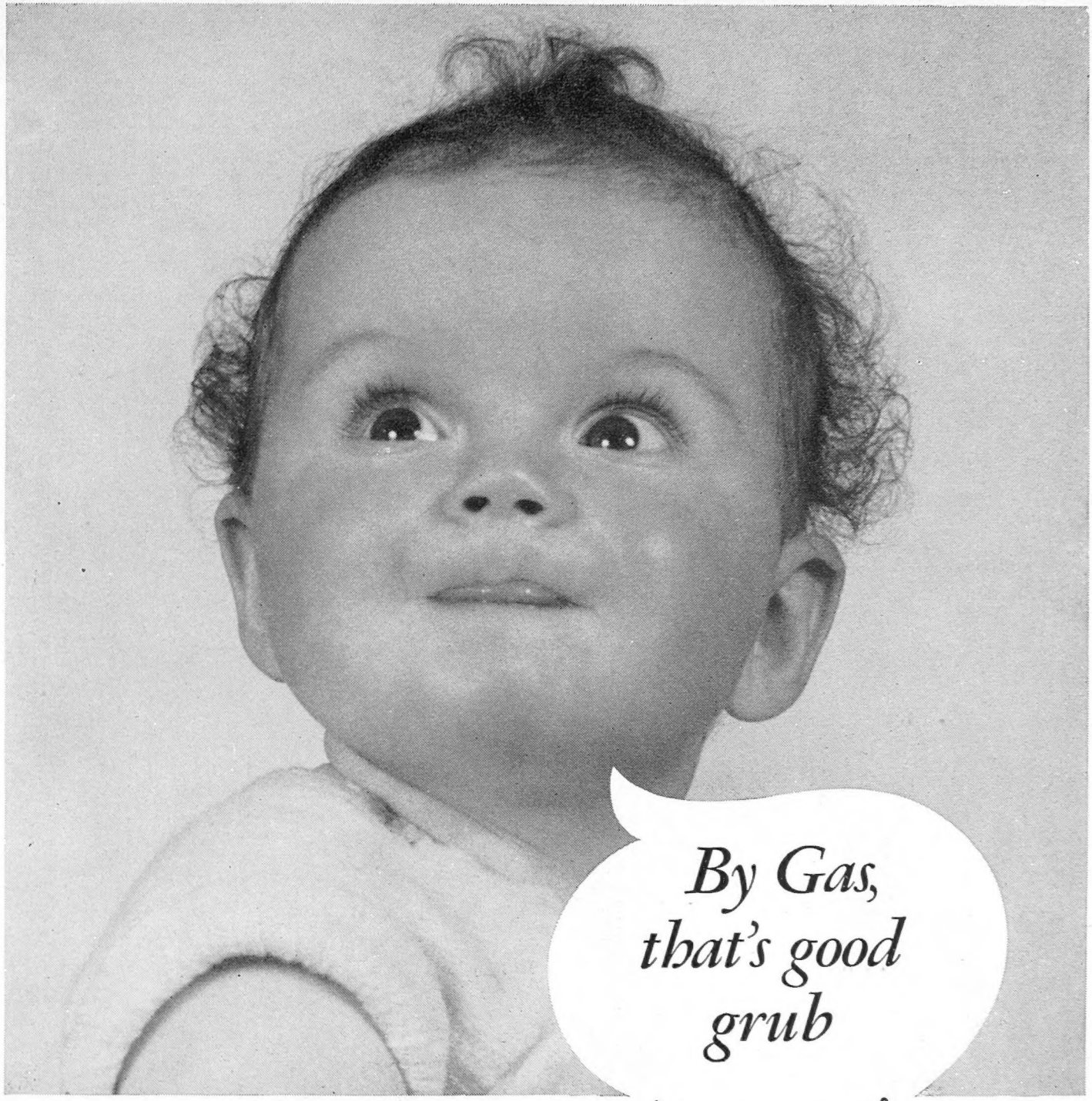

By Gas, that's good grub

And, by Gas, that's easily cooked grub too! For with Gas you can always *see* what you're doing. You can *see* whether the heat is too high, too low, or just right. Gas takes the guesswork out of cooking. There's a tremendous variety of Gas Cookers on the market, from little fellows suitable for small bed-sitting-rooms to great shining giants big enough to take the largest of turkeys. You'll find just the type and size you need at your own Gas showrooms—and you'll also find you can get it on easy terms.

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Lanolin-rich, Color-Fast lipstick stays on, stays lustrous. Can't dry even most sensitive lips.

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In exhaustive tests in Max Factor's Hollywood Salon, these facts have been proved.

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Some lipsticks smear off. 'Color-Fast' lipstick won't. It stays where it should—on your lips.

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Some lipsticks soon lose their lustre. 'Color-Fast' lipstick is the only lipstick with 'stay-on-lustre'—a lustre that really lasts. A lustre that makes and keeps your lips more lovely.

Next time you buy lipstick, remember these facts. And choose Max Factor—the lipstick that does more for your loveliness than any other lipstick in the world.

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'Colour-match your lipsticks with your accessories,' says Fashion. And here's how to do it—inexpensively. The Max Factor medium size lipstick costs just 5/- for each glowing shade. Buy one a week till you have the whole range. And add new Max Factor shades as they arrive. Then you'll have lipsticks to match all your accessories. You'll be right in fashion—and lip-lovely always!

In an elegant case you'll love to show.
In the most magnetic fashion shades ever.

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GUARANTEE. Buy Max Factor Lipstick and use according to directions. *If* you don't agree that you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it*, simply return the unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood and